



# THE STUDY 1972














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# THE STUDY Westmount

Founded 1915, Incorporated 1922 by Act of the Quebec Legislature for the Elementary and Higher Education of Girls, under a Board of Governors.



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**Vice-Principal**

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*Education is learning and learning is: –*

what happens when you finally see what the teacher has been trying to explain to you.

not getting to do the thing you thought you wanted to do most in the world and then finding that your life isn't over after all.

studying late until you think you know everything and then finding that you can't find any questions on the test for the answers you know perfectly.

remembering not to start a definition with "Learning is when . . . . .  
seeking an answer you never find because you find something else that interests you while you are looking.

finding someone whose mind sets off sparks with yours and you never seem to run out of things to discuss.

feeling great when your family and their friends are impressed by your brilliance.

feeling badly when you realize you have hurt someone.

wondering why an apple doesn't fall up, why roses are red, how babies grow, why rainbows happen, comment qu'on dit, was ist das . . . .  
. . . just wondering!

learning is living.



# The Staff - Middle and Upper School



SEATED: Mme. Perera, Mlle. Morn, Mme. Charnoubi, STANDING: Mme. Looten, Mrs. Ronsley, Mrs. Packer, Mrs. McCalium, Mrs. Gauthier.



SEATED: Miss Fedeschi, Mrs. Scott, STANDING: Mrs. Hale, Mme. Kebedgy, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Cooke, Mrs. Thomson, Miss Hardy, Mrs. Lennard, Mrs. Willmott.



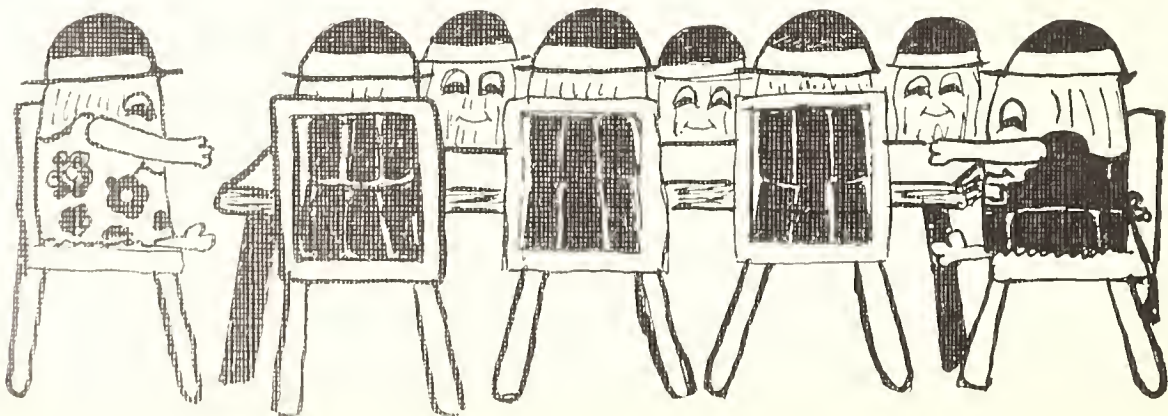


Patsy Kirkpatrick, Daphne DeJong, Christine McKinnon, Sandy McDougall, Jane Skelton, Peggy Hampson.

## Prefects Council

Even in a small school like the Study, there must exist a slight gap between Mrs. Scott, the teachers and us, the students. The Prefects Council acts very well to fill this gap by finding out the needs and wants of the student body and then conveying them to Mrs. Scott. This year the teachers have sent two elected representatives to each meeting, and they are thanked for their helpful suggestions and their cooperation.

The Prefects Council is still in its formative stages, but it has come a long way since last year. If the present interest and enthusiasm on the part of the student is kept up, the Council is almost guaranteed to be a success in the following years.







STANDING: Mary Minty, Sandy McDougall, Daphne DeJong SITTING: Patsy Kirkpatrick, Jane Bourke, Paddy MacKenzie, Carol Beardmore, Christie McLeod (Editor), Peggy Hampson, Jane Skelton, Daphne Hampson, Mary Boswell.

## Editorial Committee

It was the day before the deadline . . . . .

It's June already!

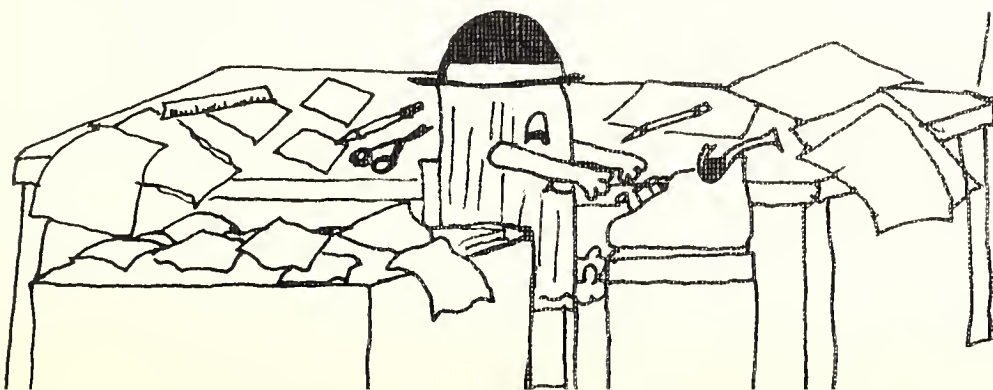
The magazine is here . . . . .

. . . . twas the night before the deadline  
and all through the upstairs room? ? ? ?

It's hard to write a poem about this magazine because I can't figure out how to begin. What I was going to say anyway is that the magazine has been great fun, despite the mad rushes to meet its deadlines. All of us have tried to make this magazine as original as possible but one seems to run out of ideas (as I did for this editorial). We hope that we will be remembered for our magazine as well as for other things.

I would really like to thank everyone who sacrificed many an afternoon to put the magazine together. I would especially like to thank Mrs. Willmott for being our advisor and spending so much of her free time helping us.

The magazine has been a great experience that I doubt I will ever forget.

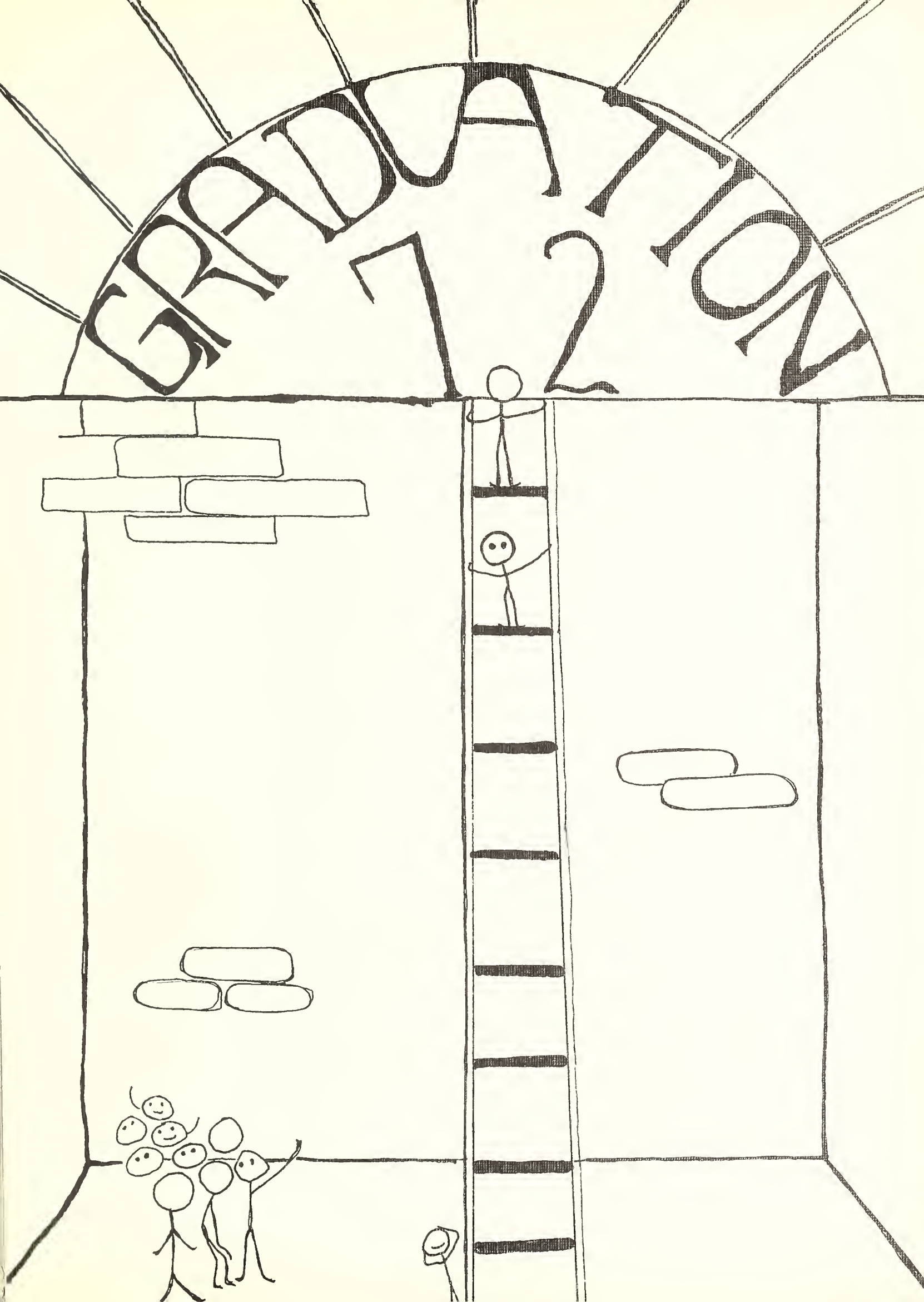






The Sixth Form 1971-1972









JANE SKILTON:

*"The most useless day of all is that in which we have not laughed."* Chamfort

That Jane is head girl sums up what she stands for. She not only manages to unify and organize a whole school, but she achieves all with a most jovial disposition. During a school day there is nothing more recognizable than Jane's whole hearted infectious laughter. In Jane's own words she is unique in that she suffers "pains in my cheeks from laughing so hard."

She has proved herself a refreshing inspiration awaking school enthusiasm (a most difficult task) by our '71 Bazzar - its record success - all \$2,615.43 of it.

In spite of her involvement in school, she makes time for encouraging her inter-school cooperation as an active federation member. Occasionally her warm-heartedness creates problems - such as having to contend with a group of rather extraordinary neurotic prefects, who all suffered emotional setbacks when they were reminded that they were supposed to "enforce" the rules.

Her academic capabilities, her good sense of humour and her dedication to any responsibility will carry her far.

CHRISTINE MCKINNON.

*"People are lonely because they build walls instead of bridges."* Newton

Unknown to many - "let's keep it that way" she says - Chris is the youngest member of the class. As Sub-Head of the school, she deserves all our thanks for her dependability and our apologies for our lack of it.

Christine always ends up doing her homework three or four times: once in the privacy of her room, and then again and again in the seconds before the first bell for the benefit of the rest of us.

We're all jealous of her shiny hair, to say nothing of her patience with the younger members of the school. She can often be found being mauled by her fans in Upper A. After all this she'll rush down to tutor at Royal Arthur, where she's been a regular for the past two years.

Wherever Chris ends up next year, we know her generosity and thoughtfulness will carry her a long way.



ELIZABETH AMSDEN:

*"To do for the world more than the world does for you - that is success."* Henry Ford

Elizabeth manages to frustrate the teachers by insisting on doing her homework on minute scraps of paper. Her absence is always noticed because the class (and especially the back row) assumes a quieter and more peaceful atmosphere. When Liz scored low on avoiding arguments in her preference test, none of us wondered why!

We will never understand why Liz chooses to walk all the way home to TMR instead of taking the bus as is the habit of the rest of the lazy Sixth Form. She is a keen book worm and claims to have exhausted the supply of Science Fiction books in the library, and now threatens to join Westmount's.

This year Elizabeth has been kept busy pursuing her many scholastic interests. We hope her time-table next year will be lighter!



DEBBIE BAXTER:

Almost every morning if you're up early enough you will probably see a strange phenomenon, called a Debbie, flashing along the Boulevard to school, to catch up on last night's homework!

Deb carries with her a good supply of food which the striking masses (Sixth Form) will later devour.

This strange phenomenon can also be seen looking under chairs, radiators and desks for that infamous object (her purse) which always seems to be 'mysteriously disappearing'.

Debbie is also known to go on long exotic trips much to our envy, no one is certain where Debbie will be next year but you can be sure the summer will be in Muskoka. Wherever she may go we all wish her the very best of luck!



CAROL BEARDMORE:

*"One song leads on to another,  
One friend to another friend  
So I'll travel along  
With a friend and a song"*

At 8.30 Carol totters into class, and a quiet "What subjects do we have?" is heard. "Save me!" she cries and runs frantically to her shelf.

An observant member of the class, she is always commenting on the staff's wardrobe. She has reached her second paradise now that the teachers have dug into the second half of their closets. Carol, herself, still persists in wearing 1920 fashions with her kneelength bloomers and her French resistance beret.

e.e. cummings would be proud of Carol as she is the only one who can match his ability in creating new and different expressions; the most renowned being "Woosums". (We might add her word phobia is catching).

At 3.30 Tuesday, although it is too late and everyone has left, Carol is still hounding whoever remains to bring collection for tomorrow and to remember the drama meeting at 8.00. Thursday mornings it's down to the library for house-meetings where, as sub-head of K.R. she tries to convince the members of the house that they do have the potential to win!

Who knows, maybe in four years she will be back teaching Lower B.

MARY BOSWELL:

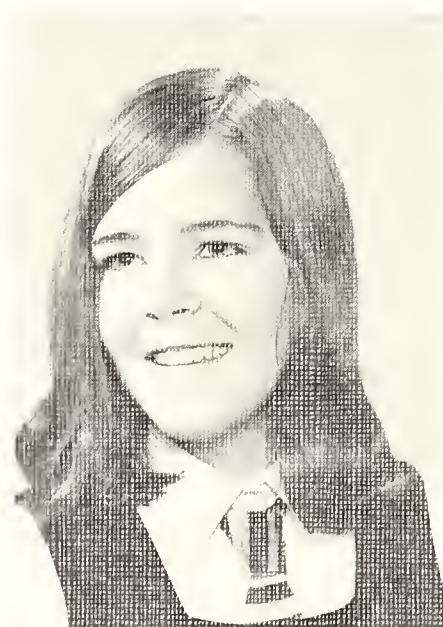
*"Hey, Hey, What do you say. . . ."*

Twelve years ago, a twenty-seven inch, blue-eyed, buck-toothed brunette started her career as a studyite. She is most remembered from those years for her talent in reaching the blackboard!

Since then Mary has managed to grow a bit taller and we are sure this was due to those "fat-ins" she has, when she consumes lots of sticky-buns.

As a talented musician, Missy can play the piano, guitar and accordian. She also has a unique talent - the ability to break her foot, not by playing tennis or badminton, but rather by running to school so as to lose weight!

Next year we wish her the best of luck with that cute grin and those gorgeously long eyelashes and we also hope that some day those horses will become more manageable and that Mary will enjoy standing on her skis rather than sitting on them. Activities - Library Committee, Editorial Committee, Royal Arthur, Study Centre, Drama Club, Badminton Team, Basketball scorer.







JANE BOURKE:

*"That it will never come again  
Is what makes life so sweet."*

*Dickinson*

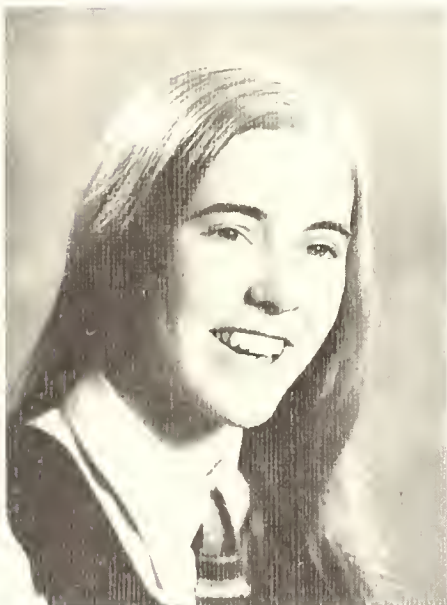
Jane who? Jane Bourke. B-O-U-R-K-E (like Birk)

'Rapunzel, Rapunzel let down your long hair!' Will she ever take that leather clip out of her hair?

Jane may have nice long hard nails, the envy of everyone, but when it comes to playing basketball the friction between her nails and the ball is too much for the ears. As a shot on the 1st team she always manages to baffle the opponent with her tricky dribbling.

With Jane everything is "Pawthetic", but when things are going well there is always a little crackle or else a chorus of "Bazaar Bazaar", actions included.

As the other half of the K.R. sports department, she too is enthusiastic and a good leader. Jane keeps her legs in good shape with her numerous daily treks up and down Clarke Avenue. She has informed us though, that when she gets the car she will take the indirect route to school in case the brakes fail!



DIANA COMMON:

*"Hands were made for holding tennis racquets, not  
for washing clothes."* E.D.D.

They say you aren't an experienced driver until you've had a few accidents . . . . In Di's case - experience personified! Ask the Indian taxidriver on the corner of Sherbrooke and Atwater, or Pix. However, Di has finally remedied the situation - a pair of glasses!

Diana returned from Murray Bay and has since been singing 'Flaming Mame', with all the necessary hip actions. However every Thursday morning she refrains from such activities and becomes the solemn, stalwart and dignified (?) head of B.L.

Di, as probably many know, is part and parcel of the administrative committee of the Common Orphanage. The Common's live in a permanent open house, and consequently supply their many friends with a second home.

Frequently Diana joins Pixie in her games of Hide and Go Seek, with Mrs. Wright as the permanent seeker. With her wide friendly smile and her hysterical laugh we can't forget Diana Mame!

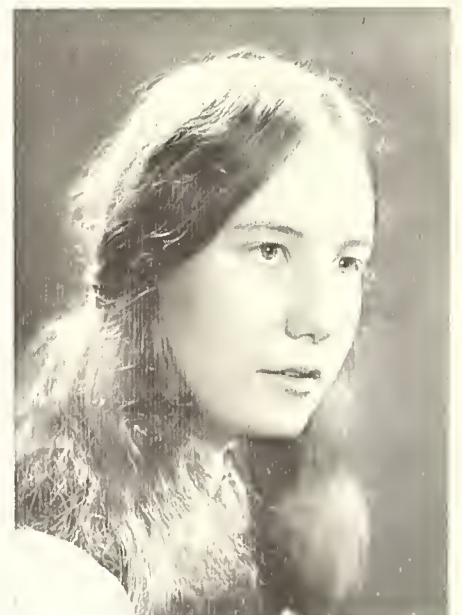
DAPHNE DeJONG:

*"Between the idea and the reality  
Between the notion and the act  
Falls the shadow."* Eliot

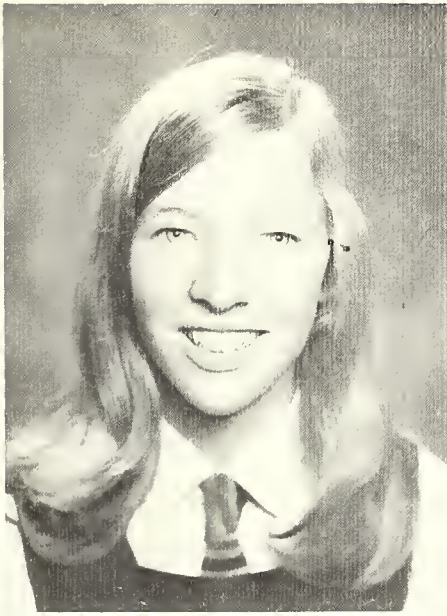
A flash of lightning down the court, and another basket for the Study. That's our Daph! As well as being a star member of the basketball team for a number of years, Daphne is a prefect and subhead of D.B.

Daphne's interests are wide and varied, being strong in both the Arts and Sciences. She is very interested in journalism and has a definite talent for public speaking. She has always added greatly to our class discussions, aided no doubt by her interest in books.

We wish her luck for next year, wherever she may be!







LUCIE FONTEIN:

*"Every man is his own architect."* Browning

After busy week-ends of scraping furniture, building fences and skiing (which she does from November to May) at her house near Sutton, Lucie arrives at school sporting the only pair of round-toed oxfords left in the Sixth Form. In a brown paper bag she carries her lunch - undoubtedly some natural yogurt, which she smothers in sugar, or a slice of her unforgettable home-made lemon loaf (which she saved many a Sixth Former from the mid-afternoon hunger pangs).

A member of the tennis team and an enthusiastic member of the Sports Club, Lucie enjoys just about everything offered in Gym class. And what would the basketball teams do without their faithful blue-eyed score keeper?

We know that Lucie will accomplish whatever she sets out to do. And taking into account her natural ability in Mathematics and the plans of houses found in her doodle pads, we have no doubt of her becoming a skilled architect in the near future.

TERRY GENTLES:

*"Love your friend with his fault"*

When the cheery "hi" is heard T.A.G.'s presence is noted. A sudden burst of enthusiasm filters through the air and settles and remains for the rest of the day. Her enthusiasm continues in the Chemistry Lab where she excels. Her experiments however never seem to follow the same pattern as the rest of the class.

Her zeal is shown as she is the other half of the leaders of the K.R. sports department; whether they are coming first or last there is always heard "Come on guys we're not that far behind."

Terry, who is one of our guards for the first basketball team, is generally all over the basketball court. This might be attributed to her long legs.

Over the Christmas Holidays Terry, one of our more avid skiers, accumulates a new batch of Laurentian freckles, the best they come. Hill 70 on the week-ends is T.A.G.'s retreat from her academic world.

We are all certain that Terry is well prepared for college but doubt whether college is prepared for her!



DAPHNE HAMPSON:

*"Who wills-can  
Who tries-does  
Who loves-lives"*

-McCaffrey

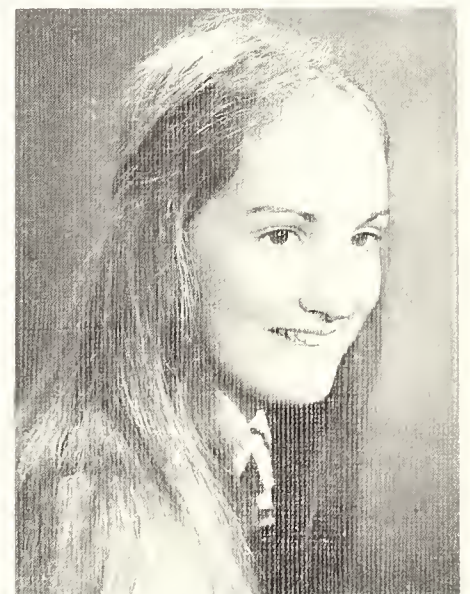
Daphne first appeared to us in grade seven. However she did not remain with us. She left to visit several other schools until she finally decided that our school wasn't so bad after all.

She is perhaps more renowned for her pointed oxfords, the only pair in the class and her constant announcements "I'm simply petrified", which is heard whenever she has her driving lessons.

Daph, equipped with big brown eyes, suntan and indescribable laugh, perpetually tells us, after only drinking a 'flask' of tea, "I'm so stuffed I can't possibly eat another thing." Her will power is unmatched by anyone in our class.

As sub head of M.G., she has proved to be a great success with the younger kids as can be seen each day after lunch as she desperately tries to make her way out of the dining room amidst her fans.

Obviously Daph is already thinking about her future as child psychologist.



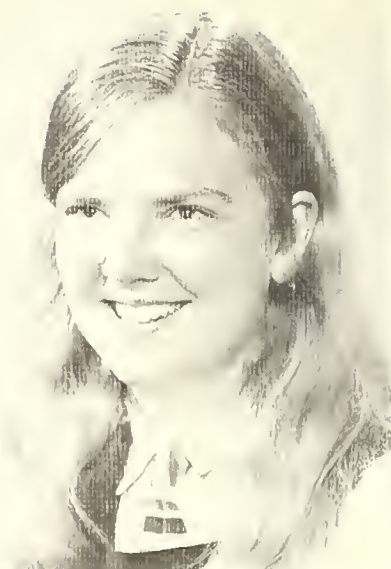


PIGGY HAMPSON: *"I'm not fat. . ., I only have a husky stomach" Schulz*

During the first three days of her career as a Studyite, Peggy's classmates began to doubt whether Piglet would become a permanent resident of the school. But through many a heart-to-heart talk with her form-mistress and her cousin, they managed to convince Pegs to stay.

Not only is Pegs head of K.R., but she shares in the responsibilities of being a prefect. As a result her school life is most tiring with her long journey to school, her many meetings and her role on the basketball and volleyball teams, but she still manages to round up the short horns each week-end!

Whether Piglet chooses to be a Lower B teacher, a gym teacher, a farmer or a plumber, we know she will be a success wherever she goes. Good Luck, Piglet!



PATSY KIRKPATRICK: *"True friends are those who know all about you, but love you all the same."*

Thump! Patsy has successfully jumped the three stairs and the floor shakes. A sudden crash is heard from the confinements of the Staff Room as the tea cups fall to the floor. Patsy grins - mission accomplished!

Our big Siberian Polar Bear yodels down the Laurentian slopes followed by eager cubs. Patsy is one of the more avid skiers and is know for her "Help Stamp out Summer" signs.

If you see a furry bundle sauntering down St. Catherine solemnly muttering Russian, fear not; this is no spy, it is only Patsy desperately claiming her Russian ancestry! As class enthusiast, she stimulates many a discussion at most opportune moments, be it in English, French or even Math class!

Patsy's prowess in drama and in public speaking won her the presidency of the Drama Club. Her emphatic voice is put to good use as a prefect, where it can be heard resounding in the halls: "Top button done up? Pleeze!"

As first female Supreme Court Judge or Shakespearean actress, we will all proudly claim that we knew her!

PADDY MACKENZIE: *"This is the first day of the rest of your life; make it count."*

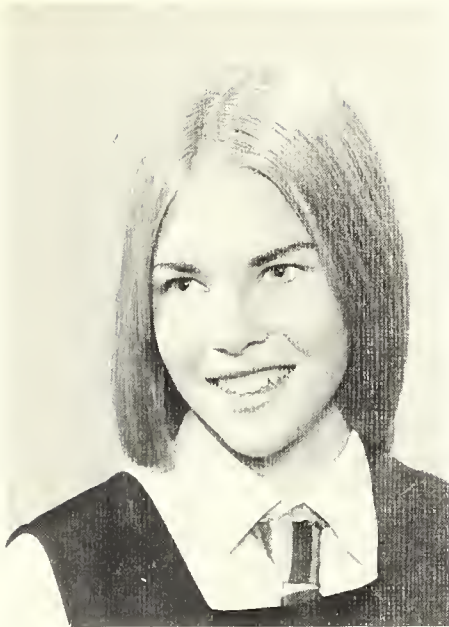
When Paddy talks of the PM she means no other than Pete Mahovolich. However she cannot make up her mind whom she likes better - Pete or Rusty Staub. But hockey and baseball are not her only sports. As school games captain, she is a member of the basketball, volleyball and almost every other team. Whatever the team, it's down the court she goes, platinum blonde hair flying, socks up and nostrils flaring.

Thursday noon has found six or seven of us at Paddy's for one of her memorable lunches. How could we ever forget those yummy chocolate chips and Robbie's pop-overs? They seem to have fattened up everyone but our hostess.

It is not only the sixth form that responds to Paddy's smiles. As sub-head of B.L., she has a trail of fans that follows her wherever she goes. We shall remember Paddy for three things specifically - that 'green' hair, her nonchalantly casual academic enthusiasm and her generosity as hostess to class eat-ins.







ANNE MACTAVISH:

*"I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me."*  
Stevenson

Anne winds her weary way up Mountain Ave. on Monday mornings ridden with saddle sores; and no one need ask where she has been. She regales us with countless stories about this "Land of Paradise" at Durham where she seeks refuge with her horse-shadow, and evidently where her prowess was born.

Not only is Anne a competent rider, but she is also an efficient school treasurer and member of the library committee. She has a rather special bent (other than riding!) which has been a constant source of mystery and envy for the rest of us. Without having done her homework she comes up with a bright remark reflecting a wide general knowledge, and successfully diverts the teacher from the subject at hand. (Anne's lack of work no less!). The rest of us are still trying to acquire this talent.

And so . . . we send Anne off, confident that she never will encounter any insurmountable problems, owing to her unfailing ingenuity.

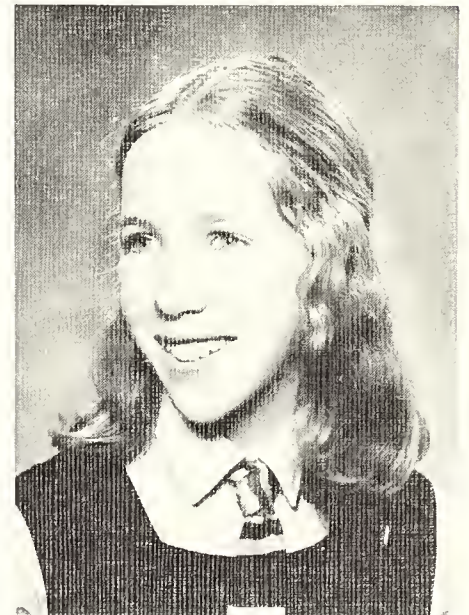
SANDY McDOUGALL:

*"I have often regretted my speech, never my silence."*  
Publius Syrus

We are stunned by Sandy's uncanny ability and logic in Mathematics, it's as if she were a human computer. This amazing talent is equaled only by her tremendous athletic performances. She is a prominent member of all school teams, but her lightning speed on the basketball court impresses us the most. The score board can't even keep up with her! We are seriously considering presenting Sandy with a bronzed basketball at the end of the season.

Another unknown skill was revealed to us at the Bazaar, where Sandy spent her time snapping pictures - the outcome of which was fantastic magazine material. Sandy has also been kept busy with her duties as games captain of B.L. and a school prefect.

We know Sandy will probably take her most prized possession with her next year: her tie, and with it, many happy memories of her eleven years at the school.



KAREN McKENNA:

*"Silence and thought hurt nae man"*

The lunch bell rings. With a shriek Karen rushes out of the room - she's forgotten again - to count the lunch slips. A five year veteran of the Study, she is known for mumbling the right answers to questions, when the rest of us have incorrect replies. She is also the resident expert on the French language. Vocabulary? Questions? Ask Karen.

To see her in action, go to the volleyball court where she is no longer shy and quiet, or to the ski hills where with her blonde curly hair waving across her blue eyes, she puts the rest of us to shame. The Library Committee is also graced with her presence.

We wish her luck wherever she is next year!



CHRISTIE McFOD.

*"What wisdom can you find that is greater than kindness"*  
Rousseau

In the past couple of years, Christie has been an invaluable member of both basketball and volleyball teams. Her infinite strength and energy have helped the Study come out victorious many a time.

This ability is surpassed only in her role as an artist. She can often be found up in the art room finishing off her latest masterpiece, or at her desk dashing off one of her now-famous suns for one of her many customers.

At no point in her 13 years at the school has Christie ever received full recognition of her contributions to our class. It is not enough that we mention her position as sports captain of M.G., her artistic ability and editor of the magazine. In the latter, she has proved an excellent choice and the success of this year's magazine is due almost entirely to her devotion and hard work. Her willingness to help in any situation has put us all to shame.



MARY MINTY:

*"Living well is the best revenge."*

To sit and doodle is one thing, but to sit and doodle artistically is another. In her very special way Mary astounds us with her inexhaustible display of creativity. Be it in writing, conversation or drawing, her offerings are ever-new and different. A true individual in thought, Mary is an essential ingredient to the class' success.

Our striking red-head, the professor, is not a sedentary character. Games Captain of D.B., her energy is exerted on the basketball and volleyball courts as well as dashing the Westmount Avenue track four times a day.

Lotus Blossom's wit entertains us through many a break and lunch-hour. Her contacts, her dog and her confused state of organization are all mixed up in Mary's escapades.

We have no doubt that "Minty" will go far in whatever she decides to follow, be it ecology, criminology, psychiatry . . . . Well aware of her potential, we send her on her way with best wishes and love.



CAROLYN MURPHY:

*"Each is given a bag of tools / a shapeless mass /  
a book of rules / and each must make / ere life  
is flown / a stumbling-block or a stepping-stone"*  
R. L. Sharpe

Pixie is our 22 year old sociology major from McGill which compensates for her outstanding athletic participation. She is the most original gymnast we have ever encountered, for she has almost convinced us that her weekly games of Hide and Go Seek with Mrs. Wright, give her all the exercise she needs. Actually, she's not terribly difficult to find if you look in the right place, which includes behind the piano or even in the box.

Pix is a lively and efficient member of the library committee, and is now whizzing through novel after novel due to her speed reading course.

She is often found in a faraway gaze, lost in reverie, however, not willing the hours away in idle thought. This is how Pix comes up with a well backed-up argument in our many discussions.

Pixie will enjoy herself next year, whether in a gym or studying sociology.



LYN PRICE:

*"The hardest thing in life is saying good-bye for now . . . knowing it is forever."*

Lyn (alias Bobo) is one of the most accomplished bluffers of the Sixth Form, whether it be in English or History. She can always think up a "quickie" to stun the teachers.

Lyn is renowned for her massive white wads of kleenex wrapped around her fingers each morning. We all have our problems Lyn!

On Thursday mornings it is always a mad dash down to the music room where D. B. and their house mascot, Horace, assemble for house meetings. Lyn, as leader of the yellow and blue, is seen every week desperately attempting to focus the girls' attention on house problems.

Lyn (like many Sixth Formers) has been on the basketball team for the past three years. We're still not sure whether her superb accuracy is luck or skill, but what ever - keep it up!

Lyn's long awaited winter ski week-ends finally come but end too soon to her dismay. We know wherever she goes next year there will be a mountain nearby!



ELIZABETH READE:

*"A man who has not been in Italy is always conscious of an inferiority." Boswell's Life of Johnson*

Liz, a most conscientious chairman of the library committee, can be found most mornings in the library sorting and re-arranging books on the shelves.

Liz is very proud of her Italian ancestors and she never lets us forget her Sicilian eyes. She is an excellent public speaker and parts of her last year's prize-winning speech will long be remembered - "Though husbands may hide their wallets in vain, there is always that little charge account that has been forgotten - the designer always wins!"

Since Liz has moved from her house on the Boulevard, she has managed to keep in shape by running up and down the hill four times daily. This and her fabulous will-power (which is evident at lunch-time) have helped her greatly in her modelling course. She has progressed amazingly since the summer when she began the course, and has now graduated to television - then on to bigger and better things - the ultimate - Vogue Magazine!

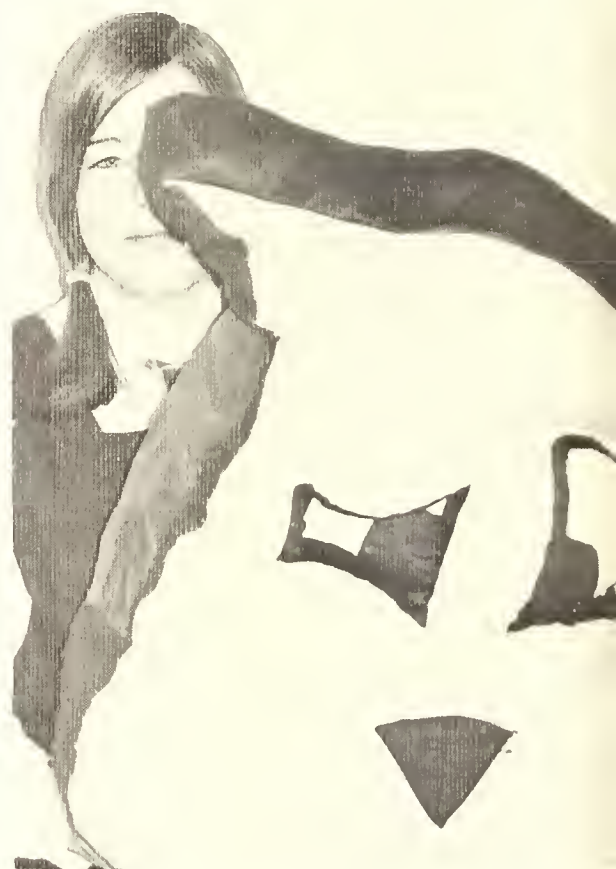


MARY THORNTON:

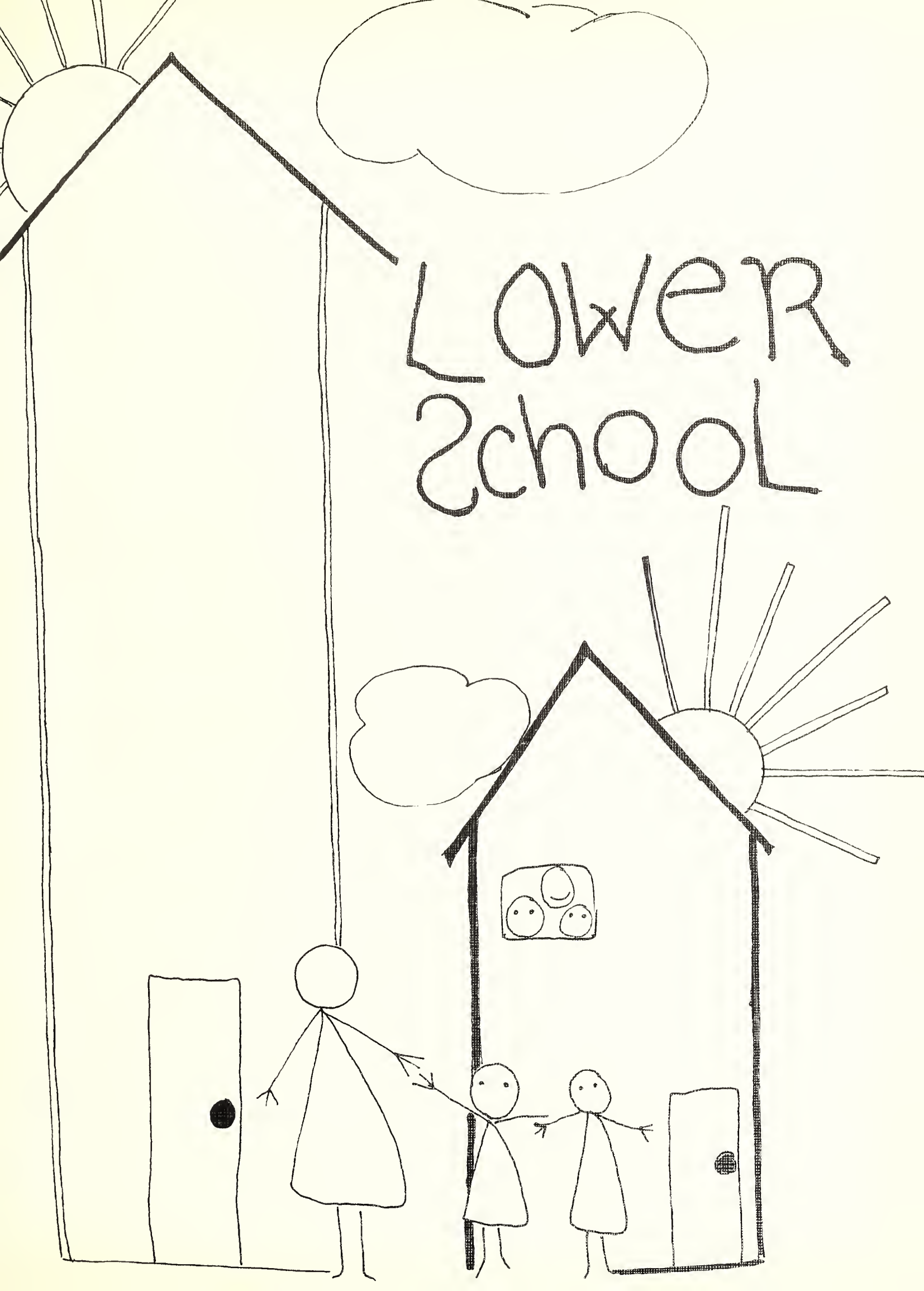
The Monday morning Blahs are dispelled by Mary's cackle from the back of the class! Her artistic ability makes us believe that she will become another Picasso. During various conversations with other class members, Mary is sure to bring her favourite expression "oh! man!" into the picture. While most of us have average pets such as dogs or cats, Mary has a unique choice - a monkey. We all agree that she can be classified as an expert on this subject. She looks forward to long week-ends and various other holidays, so that she can journey to her country place in St. Adele in search of the elusive species "man". When gym class rolls around we can see Mary doing 50 sit-ups or dribbling a basketball??? We have come to the conclusion that when Mary finally decides to "tie the knot", her husband will either be an artist or a zookeeper.











# Lower School





## KINDERGARTEN

BACK ROW: Sarah Allan, Caroline Price, Virginia Zarifi, Cynthia Bushell, Sarah Oliver, Kit Ritchie, Cynthia Ross, Borra Garson.,  
FRONT ROW: Cynthia Carrigue, Siobhan Finley, Frances Thomson, Julie Pigott.

## LOWER B

BACK ROW: Madeline Mulholland, Jennifer May, Geraldine Rivain, Gillian Welsford, Jennifer Frosst, Mary Riddell, Michelle Mackay-Smith, Valerie Otto, Anne Hallward. FRONT ROW: Lisa Shaddick, Eva Essig, Elise Church, Sarah Beech, Sara Pigott.







#### UPPER B

BACK ROW: Michelle Bresnick, Gabrielle Korn, Alex Elliott, Claudia Lach, Noni Coenen, Caroline Rhea, Diane Farish, Linda Mackenzie, Amanda Travers. SEATED: Elizabeth Mulholland, Melanie Barwick, Linda Davis, Erica Nadler, Kimberly Salomon. FRONT ROW: Mary Lombard, Caroline Gillespie. ABSENT: Anna Asimakopulus.

#### LOWER A

BACK ROW: Jennifer Hallward, Tina Otto, Carlotta Stoker, Sarah Price, Susan Oliver, Linda Rudberg, Tricia Heward, Angela Brickenden, Lisa Pigott, Willa Stevenson, Annabel Hallward. MIDDLE ROW: Vickey Roffey, Heather Avrith, Kate Dalglish, Beverley Scholes, Carol Turner. FRONT ROW: Tinnish Anderson, Jane Whittall, Kathy Goddard, Evelyn Cheesebrough. ABSENT: Caroline Palmer, Nancy Alexander.







#### LOWER SCHOOL STAFF

Miss Birks, Mrs. Finley, Mrs. Allan, Miss Wilson.

#### THE LOWER SCHOOL HAPPENINGS

This year the lower school became an involved part of the Study. On the day of the bazaar the Lower School put up their own stall which was filled with their own homemade knick-knacks, from jams and jellies to beautifully crafted angels.

The school had many outings, one of which was a visit to the Westmount Library. There the children were shown how to use a library and then they were told a story.

Another day the Lower School was taken down to the Museum of Fine Arts and there they looked at an exhibition by Emily Carr.

At Christmas the Junior School put on a tremendous show. Each class performed a play and then the classes all sang Christmas Carols, French songs included.

In February the Sixth Form gave Kindergarden, Lower B, Upper B, and Lower A a Valentine's Day Party.

Lower A had a trip to the Montreal Star. There they were shown the presses, and each girl was given a block with her name printed on it.

The Lower School made a full fledged effort in contributing to their section of the magazine, and these few creative works, which are printed as written, are merely a sample of their enthusiasm and effort.

Carol Beardmore  
Jane Bourke



# Kindergarten

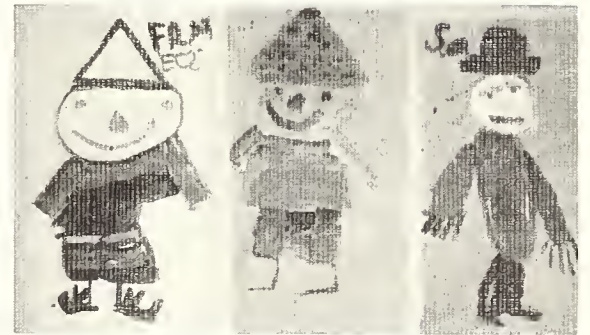
## SNOWFLAKE

Once I was a preety snow flake I was inna clowd  
I fell down and as I was falling I twisid and  
twirled. I fell on a tigr before I melted the  
tigr scracht me. I fell on a tent it moved. I  
saw a man. He swept me off then I fell on the  
grass I melted.

Borra Garson  
Kindergarten

This is joy, she is one of my guests  
and the rests is my family. We are  
all having a party.

Sarah Oliver  
Kindergarten



I have a black cat She is nice She has nice black furr.

Virginia Zarifi

Look at my family with Joy from the Buggaloos.

Cynthia R.  
Kindergarten





# Lower B

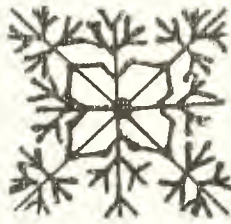
## THE MAGIC RING

Once a babey had a ring and it was a magic ring and if she drapped it she wille be ded and she did drop it But her moher cot it so she did not diey but her moher gave it back to her sow she did diey and her moher erid and erid and that is the end of the babey and the dor-ball rang but her moher said I wille not opin the dor because miy babey got ded bey a magic ring so I wille not opin the dor

By Sara Pigott  
Lower B

I like snow it is soft to tach and it is cold I like to maik footsteps in the snow.

By Sarah Beech  
Lower B



## MY WOERM

My woerm  
Wriggles all day  
and it likes to  
eat curly stuff  
and it squirms  
in bed.

By Mary Riddell  
Lower B

I have a dog but I want a cat but i cant beecus my Daddy is alerject.

By Jennifer Frosst  
Lower B

Once upon a time there was a little old woman who lived in a house under a hill. There was a loud rumblel. It was winter. She looked out of the window just in time. She saw it was a very very big snow-ball. She ran out of the house. The snowball smasht the house into 100½ pisis. So she called the wareck men.

By Lisa Shaddick  
Lower B

The Sea is drak and damp there are lots of fish in the sea A shark is the tiger of the sea a shark can eat lots of fish also a shark will diey if it stops swimming. A dolphin can cill a shark bay hitting it a dolphin is nies it pushes you up when you are drowning the jelly fish can sting you and it will hrut you.

By Anne Hallward  
Lower B

## THE MAGIC RING

Mummy! Mummy! I fond a Ring give it to me I will it to you when you are ten.

By Michelle MacKay-Smith  
Lower B



# Upper B

## A VALENTINE PARTY

I am having a Valentine Party. It is going to be fun because I have little white cakes with red hearts on them. I have Valentines cookies too. I like them very much they are ginger cookies shaped into hearts. I am going to have lemonade too. I will decorate the house with ribbons and hearts to make everything to look pretty. I will put a Valentine card beside each plate at the table.

Claudia Lach  
Upper B

## THE TROLLEY CAR

I am a little trolley car and I have a smiling face and my eye lashes are long. I ride a track that goes clicky clack and I ride all day. And passengers get on me and off me. And they sit on my stomach that gibles all day.

Alex Elliot  
Upper B

On the tenth day of March  
my boyfriend said to me.  
You are so beautiful  
will you marry me.

Mary Lombard  
Upper B

Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
And I am for ever  
saying I love you.

Erica Nadler  
Upper B



## MY STORE

I sell pretty matirial and candy and fruit like apples and oranges and bananas. My matirial comes in silk and calico and wool. The calico has very pretty patterns. It has roses and green leaves and birds. Most of the customers trade things. I also sell vegetables. I sell pots and pans and china cups and plates. I sell animals too. I sell dogs cats and birds. I hope you come to my store.

Elizabeth Mulholland  
Upper B

## AT THE ZOO

The monkeys swing through the trees by their thails in the monkey-house at the zoo. The bears walk around their four big feet. That is all they have to do. The kangaroos jump as high as they can as over the ground they go. The elephants wave their long grey trunks. They are big and steady and slow. If I were a bear or an elephant a monkeys or kangaroos people would come to look at me if I live at the zoo.

Noni Coenen  
Upper B





# Lower A

## A TRIP TO THE MUSEUM

When we went to the museum we went by bus. Kindergarten and Lower B and Upper B and Lower A all went. When we got there we put our coats on a hanger. After we all got our coats off, we went to get a stool. Then we went in groups to look at the pictures. The first picture our group saw was a picture of Emily Carr. She looked very serious in the picture. She painted it herself by looking in the mirror. After we saw that picture we saw pictures of totempoles. Our guide told us that if one of the animals did a good deed the Indians would put that animal on the totempole. Then we saw pictures that were very windy one of the windy pictures was so windy that the trees were bending. We also saw pictures of the forest. Some of the trees were bending. We also saw pictures of the forest. Some of the forest had lots of trees and some had just a few. We also saw some of her sketch books. When she paints she really put her feelings into it. After we saw all these pictures we went back to the school by bus. When we were in the bus we sang. Then when we got to school we had lunch.

By Carol Turner  
Lower A



## RED

Red is bright  
Red is bold  
Red is happier and better than gold.  
Red is the colour of a red red fox  
Red is the brightest colour in the box.  
Red is a fire engine rushing down the street  
Red is a little cut starting to leak.  
Red is a sunset going down to rest  
Red is the happiest and the best.

Katherine Goddard  
Lower A



## SKATING

Skating skating round and round  
Fun fun with the wind in my face  
Round and round the rink I go,  
Skating on the ice and snow.

Willa Stevenson  
Lower A

## THE HALLOWE'EN WITCHES

The trees are blowing and the doors are squeaking. The witches are going on their broomsticks and the goblins are flying beside. The witch's nose is crooked and she has black hair. Boo, she is coming; hide fast, hide hide. That's not the witch it is Daddy ha, ha, ha, I fooled you!

Carlotta Stoker  
Lower A

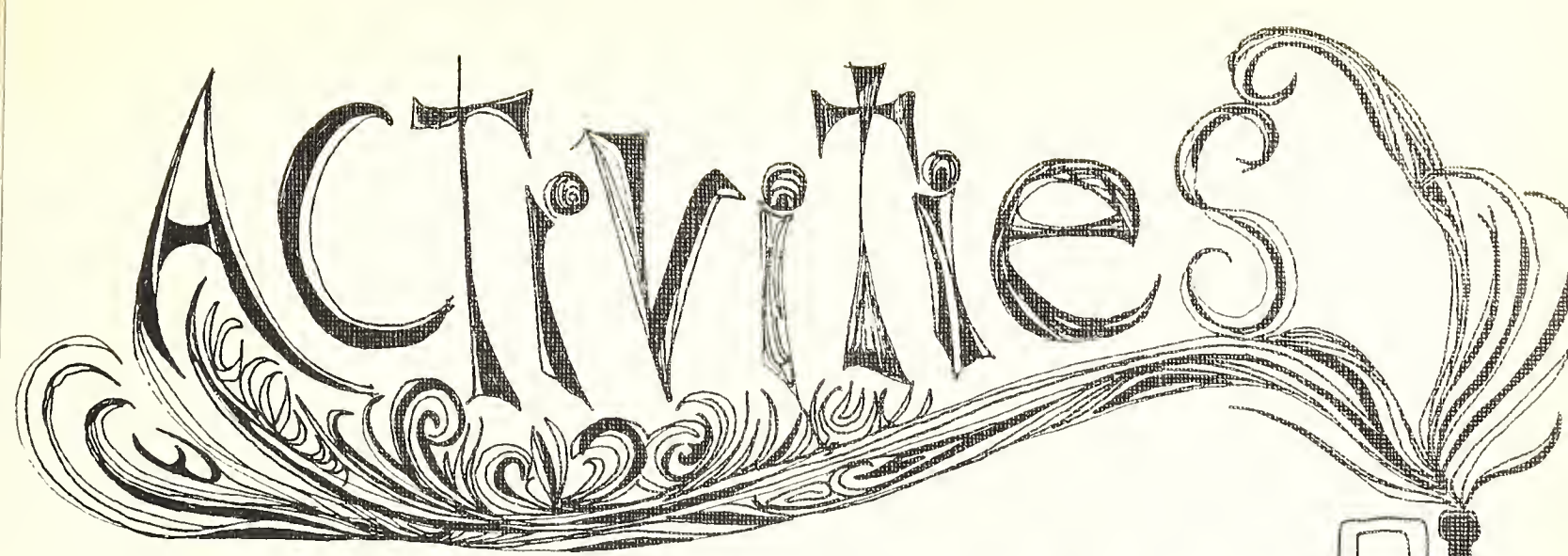
## A GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK

My favorite hiding place is the shed. I hide behind the logs they have spider webs on them. It's cold in here I better not move. A cat is right beside me. (A face is looking down at me I'm caught).

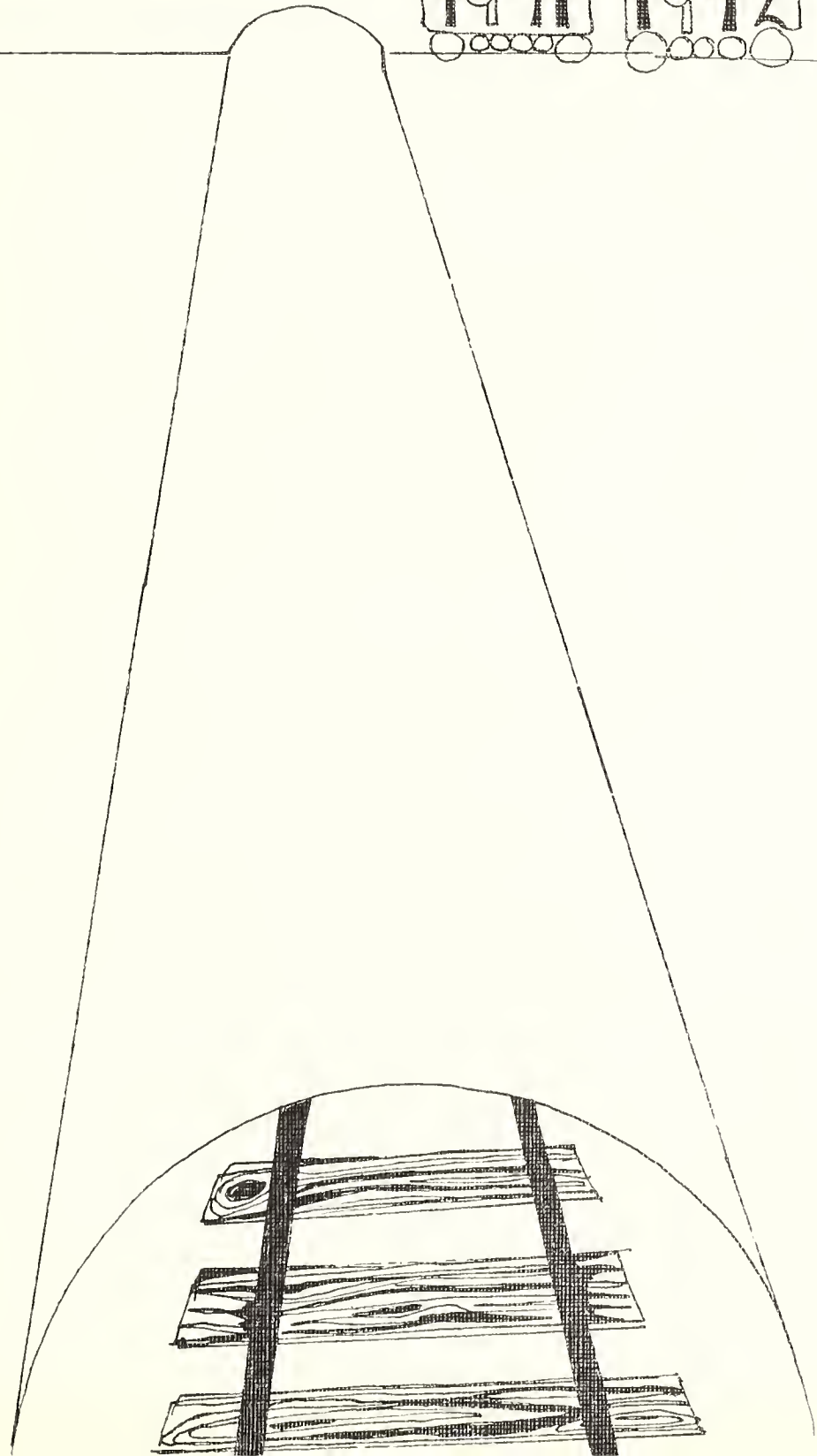
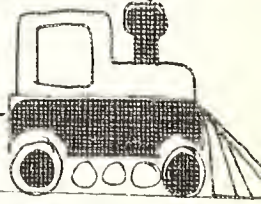
By Nancy Alexander  
Lower A







1971-1972







STANDING: Karen McKenna, Diana Wickham, Debbie Penton, Diana Common, Laurie Charbin, Christie McLeod, Anne Hale, Elizabeth Reade (Chairman), Carolyn Murphy. SITTING: Anne Mactavish, Daphne Hampson, Lucie Fontein, Gillian Stikeman, Annette Nicholson, Deirdre Stoker, Mary Boswell.

## Library Committee

The Library Committee has done well in '72 with twice the number of members as last year. This was not all that was doubled, fines on overdue books were doubled too, which seems to cure at least a little of the overdue epidemic that runs through the school from September to June!

Several pieces of furniture were added to the library during the summer; however we are fast running out of room. Maybe this will induce an extension in a few years to come. We can only hope!

Although "Silence" is the motto of the library, whispered conversations - whose tempo steadily increases - still do continue.

Our Canadian section of the library has acquired several new novels this year much to the delight of our patriotic members. They have found their place on the window sill as Mrs. Willmott refrains from using top shelves. Do we blame her?

I take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Willmott for all she does - and believe me, she works - to make the library what it is: a warm, friendly room for study and reading, and a place that holds a lot of memories for all.



# The Drama Report

"There will be a Drama meeting at break for all members. And because all of you would starve, without your three cookies and glass of milk, the meeting will be held in the lunchroom."

Although at times it seemed as if milk and cookies won out over our drama meetings, we nonetheless managed to put on two plays, a set of house plays, and hopefully this term will produce a third.

The first play entitled 'The Christmas Oboe', with Elizabeth Shaver, Vicky Harris, Katie Dingle, Lucie Fontein, Anne Tobias, Elizabeth Amsden, and Debbie Penton, was both humourous and gay and set us off on the right note for our holidays.

'The Lottery' which we had hoped to put on with The Federation early in the second term, was indefinitely postponed. Have no fear, for the cast recovered from their disappointment, and re-produced it in the middle of March.

The cast involved almost the whole drama club, and the enthusiasm of the Lower IV's was indeed an inspiration for the Upper School. This being their first year in the club, they certainly proved to us their zeal, interest and acting ability.

Sometime during the second term we thought it would be fun to try and promote interest in the Drama Club, by offering a House Competition. However it seemed that some houses were not so dramatically inclined and at the end, we were left without a competition, but rather two fine performances by Kappa Rho and Delta Beta and we thank them for their work and interest.

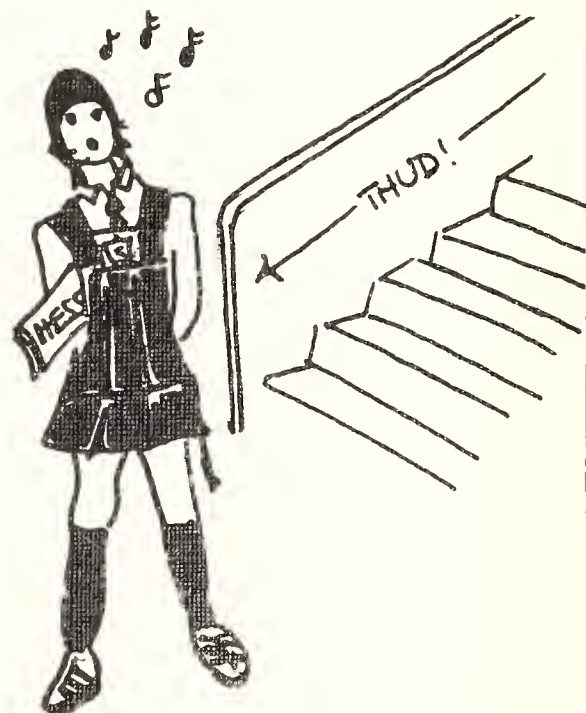
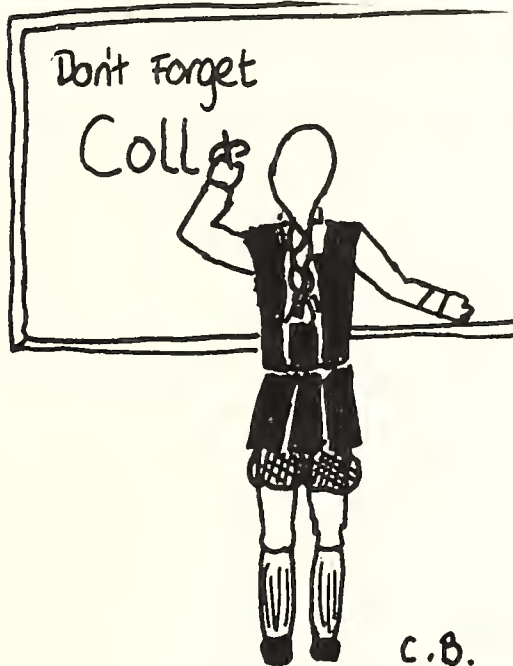
Drama does not only include acting, for there is much to do behind the scenes as well. Because of her patience and help as stage manager for our productions we extend our most sincere thanks to Christine McKinnon.

Besides producing plays, the Drama Club now has a treasury and although it only consists of \$13.75 we hope it will grow with the years until the club will be able to buy some accessories, which are so badly needed.

This year has been a most productive year in terms of dramatics, but next year New York will be waiting for you with open arms, and then on to Broadway, and The Academy Awards.

Thanks and Good Luck!

Patsy and Carol.





# THE INMATES VOICE

When the Upper Fifth of last year departed in June they left us earnest prayers of goodwill and best wishes. It was our turn to uphold this new Study tradition.

So we set about upholding it. We collected literary works and reports of anything and everything worthy of general notice and once a month (or thereabouts!) we assembled an issue bearing the proud title: "The Inmates Voice". Several students did donate poems, stories and such, but we were disappointed to find that the newspaper was not as much of a school effort as we had anticipated. We hope that in the future it will be possible to generate more student interest.

This year we did some experimenting with the Gestetner copier as we made our copies. We soon found that this was a practical way of producing better copies - so we kept it up!

Foremost on our lengthy list of those deserving praise and gratitude are Mrs. Thompson whose patience and intimate knowledge of the workings of a Gestetner copier have proved invaluable; Mrs. Scott for her assistance and bright ideas and those kind souls who typed our copier stencils!

We have had a good year. Our crises have been minor and we have enjoyed the experience. So to our successors we leave what was left to us: Earnest prayers of goodwill and best wishes!

Connie Everson and Deirdre Stoker  
- editors

## Charities

Each Wednesday morning, at break, the younger members of the school charge down to the dining room bulletin board to check the direction of the collection graph. And surprisingly enough, it has usually gone up!

This year, collection was amazingly good, due mostly to the valiant efforts of the Middle School. This year the money went to our foster children, Eugenia Vittorini in Italy and Kim Shin Myung in Korea. Correspondence between our foster children and the girls of The Study increased, as some members of the school even wrote to the children themselves.

This year the bazaar was an overwhelming success, with a net gain of \$2550.00. It also generated enthusiasm and unity within the school. This year the charities were a great success, and we wish the best of luck to next year's Sixth Form Treasurers.



Eugenia Vittorini at  
her first communion.

Anne Mactavish  
Carol Beardmore



Kim Shin Myung

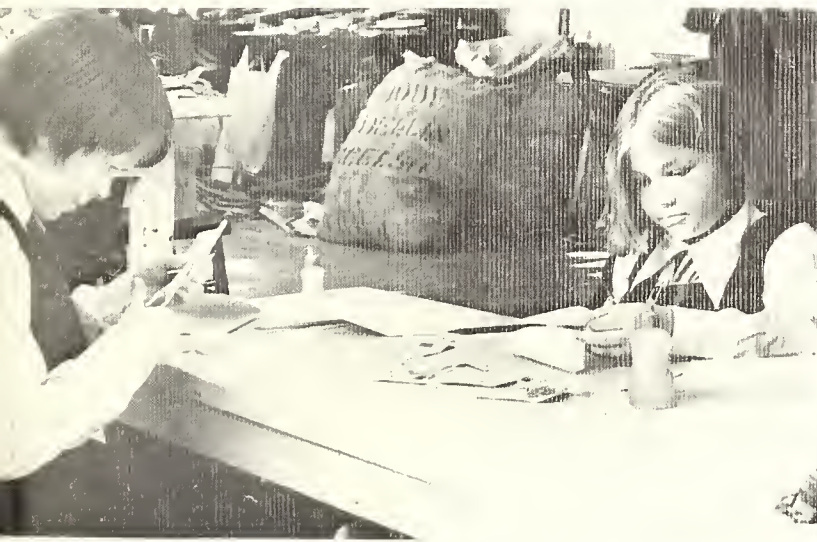


# Music

This year there has been a terrific amount of interest in the music curriculum. We started working on our Christmas music very early, but we still managed to have our yearly mad rush the day before the concert. The concert was a terrific success; the crying in the background of Adeste Fideles was not because it was a flop, but only because we have a very sentimental Sixth Form.

We have already begun our music for the Cathedral Service. After a few problems over the choosing of hymns and anthems we finally came to a decision and everyone is very happy with the selections. A highlight of the Middle School's life has been their going to the symphonies at the Place des Arts every two months, despite the weather's attempts to prevent them from doing so. This year has been particularly interesting as we sing both classical and modern music. Many thanks are due to Mrs. McCallum for making this years music a success.

Lucie Fontein  
Sixth Form.



# Art '72

The Study art term has enjoyed its usual success this year due to the unerring enthusiasm and participation from the students and Miss Tedeschi.

Sculpture, painting, linoleum printing, and many other mediums have been explored by our artists. Thus expanding the ability of the doer, and giving pleasure to the onlookers.

This particular success of this year's bazaar was no doubt due in large measure to the attractive and informative posters that adorned the walls of our school.

Festive and colourful Christmas murals maintained the same standard of work.

Contributions from the tiny tots of the lower school have also brightened and provided much amusement for our art room visitors.

A final word of thanks must be given to Miss Tedeschi, who has proved through out the year to be our never failing source of inspiration and initiative.

Mary Thornton  
Sixth Form.





6th row: Debbie Penton, Lucie Fontem, Paddy MacKenzie, Diana Common, Sandy McDougall, Karen McKenna, Heather Ratcliff.  
 5th row: Cathy Oliver, Patsy Porteous, Carrie McDougall, Jill Morton, Ruth Common, Jane Yuile.  
 4th row: Vicky Harris, Jane Common, Barbara Moore, Peggy Hallward, Jane Fontem, Kathy Munro, Cynthia Reid, Elaine Dogherty.  
 3rd row: Holly Hops, Cindy Hops, Vicky Gregory, Barbara Oliver, Faith Hallward, Lisa McRoberts, Joan Sabler.  
 2nd row: Melissa Phillips, Michele Guy, Susan Scholes, Karma Price, Sidney Fisher, Willa Black, Cynthia Rhea.  
 1st row: Gigi Kippen, Felicia Norris, Vivian Halperin, Susie Lombard, Susan Hood, Fey Cottingham, Susan Norsworthy.

## Beta Lambda

House Officials: Diana Common - Head, Paddy MacKenzie - Sub Head, Sandy McDougall - Sports Captain

House Mistresses: Mrs. Packer, Mrs. Gauthier

On Thursday morning, the lunch room is invaded by a group of girls, Beta Lambdians by name, proudly supporting white and green ribbons on their tunics.

Beta Lambdians have shown great enthusiasm this year, not only in academic work but in sports as well. The Upper A's especially have been a beneficial addition to the house, and their support was appreciated by all.

After a few touch-and-go situations, like missing house heads and disappearing house books, we managed to get through Thursday safely. Thank you for bearing with us during our various trials and tribulations. Also if it weren't for the younger members of the house to remind the Sixth Form not to run in the halls, and to do our top button up, we would have ended up with dozens of rules. It has been a successful year which was due to the support and enthusiasm of all.

love

Lucie, Karen, Sandy, Paddy and Diana





7th row: Daphne DeJong, Lyn Price, Mary Minty.

6th row: Patsy Kirkpatrick, Jane Skelton, Debbie Baxter, Mary Boswell, Christine McKinnon.

5th row: Laurie Charbin, Julia Fisher, Jennifer Goddard, Annette Nicholson, Doone Patch.

4th row: Diane Peirce, Polly Carter, Liza Henderson, Carole Lennard, Kate DeJong, Lenore Spiegel, Andrea Patch, Julia Creighton.

3rd row: Susan Hyde, Lisa Price, Frances Burfoot, Jeanie Baxter, Wendy Whittall, Barbara Goddard, Sandra DeJong, Heather Kyle.

2nd row: Diana Stevenson, Caro Creighton, Heather Frosst, Diana Durnford, Sarah Ivory, Sarah Stairs.

1st row: Virginia Rolph, Hilary Bedford, Stephanie Isaacs, Cathy Whittall, Horatio, Wendy Davis, Jocelyn DeJong, Sally Bishop.

## Delta Beta

House Officials: Lyn Price - Head, Daphne DeJong - Sub Head, Mary Minty - Sports Captain

House Mistresses: Mrs. Ronsley, Mrs. Cooke.

A report of the Thursday morning house news.

Good morning! The 8.45 traffic is heavy and you are advised to stay out of the lunch room area. The music room is being populated by an enthusiastic vibrant mass of students. Attention pedestrians, if you see a yellow and blue owl winding his way to the music room, don't be alarmed! It's only Horace, Delta Beta's symbol of spirit, wisdom and good sportsmanship. These traits will make any house a success. In the music room a demonstration of rejoicing shouts of those who have received excellents is drowning out the few rather distressing groans signalling demerits. Order has been restored, cases have been judged and totals are being calculated. The sports circuit is heavy this year. It will be a tight race to the end of the season. It is almost 8.53 and people are warned that the Delta Betans will soon be let loose. Beware!

This is Delta and Beta signing off with a note of thanks,  
Lyn, Daph and Mary





6th row: Carolyn Murphy, Anne Mactavish, Carol Beardmore, Peggy Hampson, Terry Gentles, Mary Thornton.  
 5th row: Corrie Terlloth, Deirdre Demers, Anne Tobias, Wendy Goodall, Connie Everson, Diana Wickham, Anne Hale.  
 4th row: Karen Stacey, Erica Howard, Diane McCuaig, Debbie Oates, Elizabeth Shaver, Susan Schwob, Stephanie Metrakos, Julia Turner  
 3rd row: Patricia Carlson, Gillian Wright, Sandra Wickham, Jennifer Everson, Margaret MacCallum, Susan Coughlan, Suzanna Birchwood.  
 2nd row: Jill Hugessen, Liane Meland, Diane Beardmore.  
 1st row: Jennifer Mather, Wendy Coughlan, Michelle Roden, Stephanie Nadler, Anna Cope, Suzy Barwick. Absent: Diana Bourke, Jane Bourke, Debbie Thomas, Wendy Thomas.

## Kappa Rho

House Officials: Peggy Hampson - Head, Carol Beardmore Sub-Head, Terry Gentles, Jane Bourke - Games

House Mistresses: Mme. Perera, Mrs. Willmott

### Recipe for Success

Ingredients: 2 cups enthusiasm  
 1 cup spirit  
 45 students  
 1 tablespoon energy  
 a pinch of rules  
 a squirt of lates and returns  
 omit detentions  
 5 cups excellents

Blend together enthusiasm, spirit, students, energy and excellents. Beat well. Add sparingly rules, lates and returns. Simmer ingredients for 9 months. Test with competitors. Result: Success

On a more serious note we would like to thank all the members of Kappa Rho, and especially Mrs. Willmott and Mme. Perera for their support, enthusiasm and energies in working with us. It was fun and good luck next year Kappa Rho.  
 love

Peggy and Carol





6th row: Gillian Stikeman, Elizabeth Amsden, Daphne Hampson, Elizabeth Reade, Deirdre Stoker, Christie McLeod.  
 5th row: Sarah Hampson, Katie Dingle, Louise Keefer, Anne Sutherland, Judy McKinnon, Rosemary Engels, Sally Graham, Jane Calder.  
 4th row: Zoe Just, Kathy Elder, Barbara Amsden, Linda Cooper, Selina Stewart, Alexandra Reade, Susan Gray, Marion Mitchell.  
 3rd row: Marion Hecht, Vicky Stikeman, Eva Vavruska, Robin Rappoport, Debbie Hall, Jackie Newcomb, Heidi Borner, Jane Roper, Heather Pangman.  
 2nd row: Sarah Dingle, Margot Walls, Gillian Newcombe, Helen Angus, Cynthia McCall, Judy Hecht, Holly Pangman, Susan Seymour.  
 1st row: Norah McKim, Megan Borner, Absent: Tara Stoker, Sally Spiers.

## Mu Gamma

House Officials: Elizabeth Reade - Head, Daphne Hampson - Sub - Head, Christie McLeod - Games

House Mistresses: Miss Hardy, Mme. Charnoubi

Dear Mu Gamma:

You're terrific! You were just great this year and we had a great time leading you through thick and thin. Keep the excellents rolling in and don't mind the few nasties that crawl into the totals - rules and detentions - cuz they do add a little spice: but watch it! too much spice ruins the result!

Merci beaucoup for a good year,

love

Liz and Daph

P.S. We may come last in our order in the gym, but we're first in all else. Right? Right!



# Bazaar Report

Bazaar, bazaar. . . bazaar, bazaar. For six weeks the Study girls dashed around preparing for those two fateful hours, 3:00 to 5:00 on October 21st. Academics somehow sank slightly to the background as the momentous day approached. Finally when three o'clock struck, a deluge of people stormed in and the school was transformed into a beehive of activity, swarming with parents, grandparents, friends and students.

With an ever growing "Canadian Spirit" in the country, the sixth form decided to donate the Bazaar proceeds to three very local and worthwhile charities. They are concerned with helping children, which we consider quite appropriate. Four hundred dollars were given to the Montreal Children's Hospital for clinical research. The remainder was divided equally between the Montreal Children's Service Centre and a programme directed by the U.W.C.A. The Montreal Children's Service Centre is using the money for a specific project, a new foster home in St. Laurent. It will provide six children with a home, with foster parents to look after them. The rest of the money was donated to a programme under the direction of social workers of the Montreal Y.W.C.A. Every Saturday a large group of underprivileged children meet with university students to go on excursions and do handicrafts. These children have nowhere in their community to play, so this Junior Variety programme is very important to them.

Not only were Studyites willing to help make the Bazaar a success for these children but we must also extend our very sincere thanks to Perkins' Paper Company for donating supplies to the tea room. Ogilvy's are to be thanked for the shopping bags which everyone found so useful. Also we are grateful for the boxes from Woolworth's which carried numberless goodies home - unsquashed.

School spirit is a major portion of any school project. This year the student-body was a great example of 100% enthusiasm. This enthusiasm could often be found walking down the hall, patiently working with uncooperative wool and needles. The blankets made by the classes were a big success and congratulations are due to all. The raffle was particularly popular this year. Both the blanket and the free portrait picture kindly donated by Posens, tempted many to take a chance at winning.

By five-thirty the last visitor had left. Tired feet and empty stalls had proved that they had come and gone. The Bazaar was over. No one could believe that it had passed so quickly. The building was suddenly empty and quiet. Yet it was not an anti-climax. Yes, the Bazaar was a success financially but more important, it managed to bring everyone together, working together for a worthwhile cause.









# The Federation

This year the Federation started off full of great plans and managed to renew, at least partially, the enthusiasm which had slowly but steadily waned over the previous three years. The Federation welcomed a new member, Selwyn House School, bringing the total number of independent schools involved to seven.

A bottle drive was organized in aid of S.T.O.P. and each school collected bottles. The Pit was staged with singers from the Folk Workshop and it was very popular. A Drama Night was organized but postponed at the last minute due to weather. Because of conflicting schedules and school activities the postponement became a cancellation. This difficulty of too many things going on at once was a constant hindrance in planning projects. The tutoring at Study Centre and Royal Arthur School suffered because people were 'too busy'.

Finally, a meeting was held and it was concluded that the Federation had served a purpose in its time, but now its time was passed. Originally, it was set up to bring schools together to work as a solid unit in organizing dances and Science Fairs, and also plan programmes to help underprivileged children. Since that time, schools have developed active Student Councils which plan events independent of other schools, and which run social work programmes.

As of January, 1972, the Federation has been non-existent as an active body, but there is a strong possibility that the schools will reassemble in the near future in the form of a Federation of Student Councils.

Jane Skelton



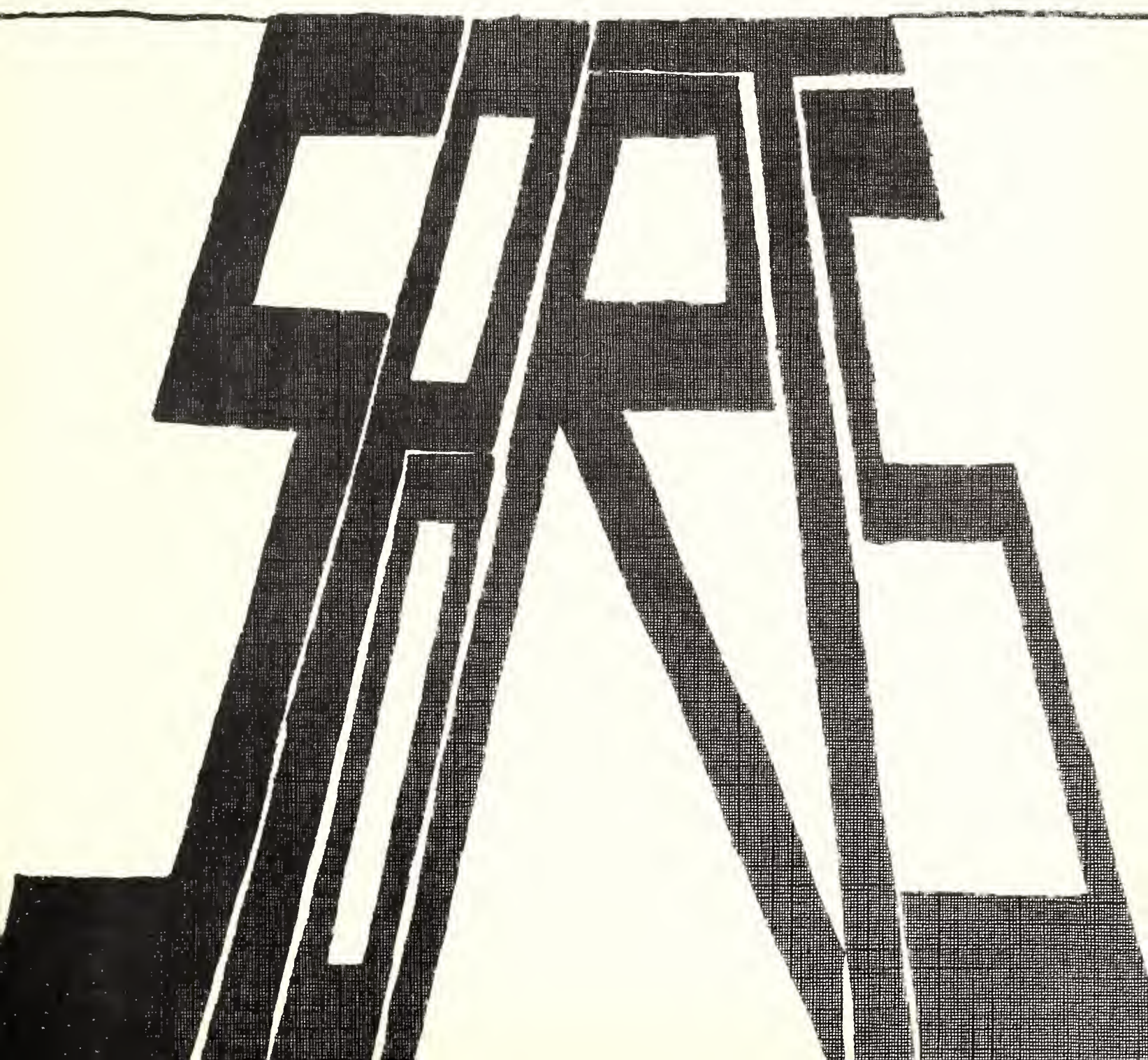
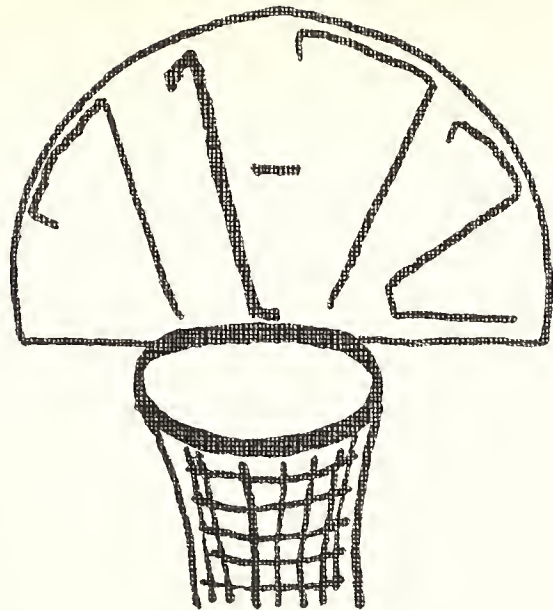
## Royal Arthur and Study Centre

This year the Study Centre and Royal Arthur projects did not start until early November when finally the tutors and students arrived together. The tutoring was good and the children learned. But the excuses started rolling in, from both sides. Then there was the confusion about time schedules; so finally the whole Royal Arthur project was stopped in the beginning of December.

On December 15th, the Federation gave a party for some two hundred kids from Royal Arthur. They arrived at three-thirty and went to the Auditorium to watch the movie "The Jungle Book", which they enjoyed thoroughly. Then they trooped downstairs and managed to eat four hundred and fifty hot dogs, kindly donated by the Hygrade Meat Company. At six-thirty Santa sent them on their way with a small wrapped gift and a candy cane. The tutors stayed behind to clean up, and then they left.

Thank you tutors from Selwyn House, Trafalgar, L.C.C., The Study, and Miss Edgars, for trying.







# First Basketball Team



Daphne DeJong, Christie McLeod, Carol Beardmore, Jane Bourke, Paddy Mackenzie (captain), Sandy McDougall, Peggy Hampson, Terry Gentles.

## BASKETBALL SCORES

SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM	1ST GAME	2ND GAME
Study vs E.C.S.	22-17	15-12
Study vs Weston	35-10	48- 3
Study vs Trafalgar	16- 4	11- 3
Study vs St. Georges	Default	24-16
FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM	1ST GAME	2ND GAME
Study vs E.C.S.	28-10	16-10
Study vs Weston	66- 0	54- 6
Study vs Trafalgar	19- 7	9- 8
Study vs St. Georges	76- 2	43-10





## Second Basketball Team



TOP ROW: Debbie Penton, Cathy Oliver. MIDDLE ROW: Anne Hale, Ruth Common, Deirdre Demers, Jill Morton, Jane Skelton, Deirdre Stoker. FIRST ROW: Judy McKinnon, Mary Minty (captain), Carrie McDougall. ABSENT: Corrie Terfloth.





## FIRST VOLLEYBALL TEAM

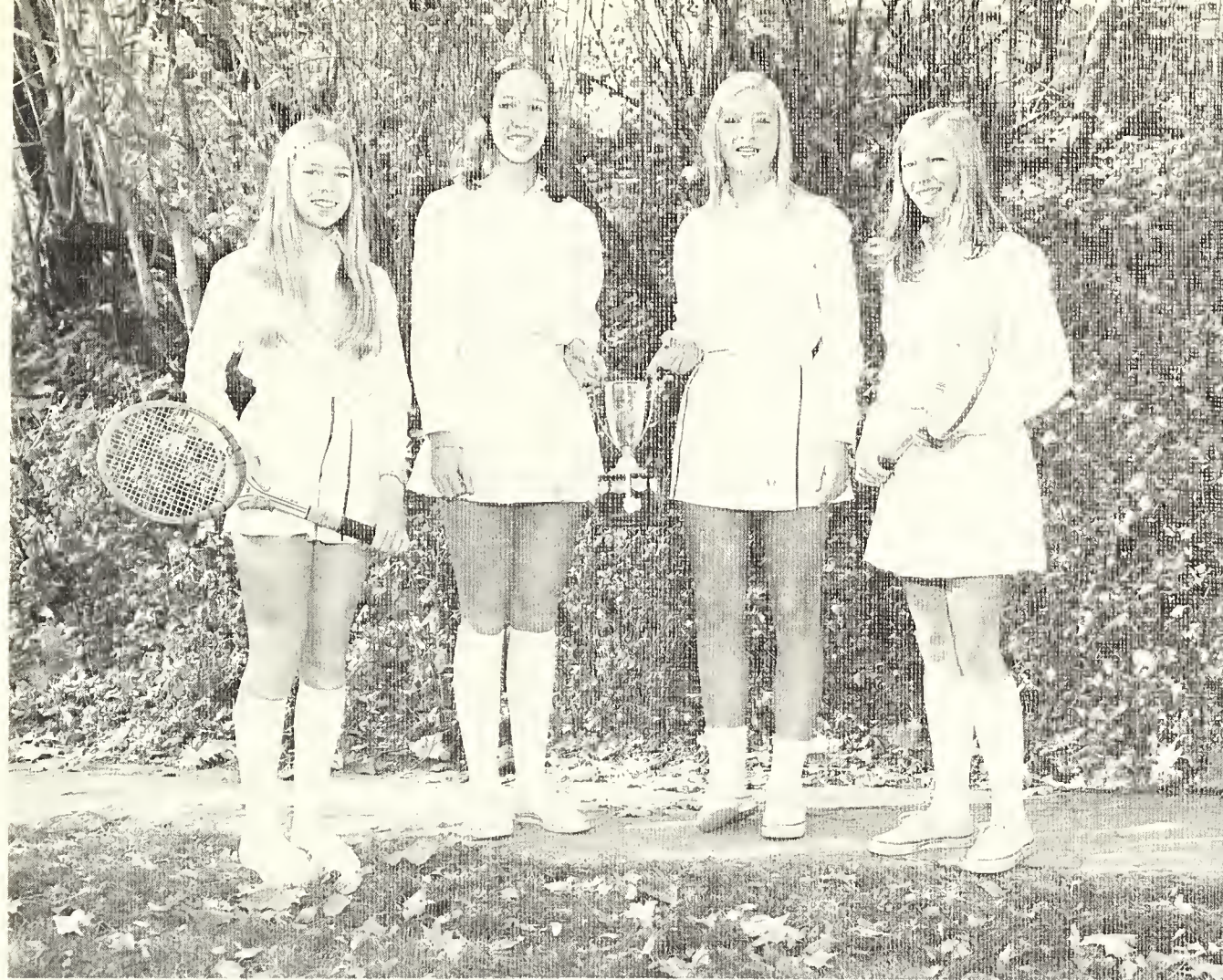
Mary Minty, Jane Bourke, Christie McLeod, Sandy McDougall, Carol Beardmore, Karen McKenna. SITTING: Paddy Mackenzie (Captain), Anne Mactavish. ABSENT: Patsy Kirkpatrick.

## SECOND VOLLEYBALL TEAM

TOP: Sarah Hampson, Jane Calder, Katie Dingle, Anne Sutherland, Judy McKinnon, Barbara Amsden, Carrie McDougall (Captain). Barbara Moore







#### TENNIS TEAM

Carrie McDougall, Sandy McDougall, Paddy MacKenzie, Lucie Fontein.

#### SPORTS REPORT

This has been a most successful year for Study sports teams. The season started off with the tennis teams from E.C.S. and Trafalgar meeting at the monklands Tennis Club with the Study. The two teams played some exciting matches, with the Study managing to edge out E.C.S. and win the cup.

The first and second basketball teams maintained their respective cups, and after some close games, they managed to go through the season undefeated. E.C.S., St. George's, Trafalgar, and Weston competed in the basketball tournaments, with two teams from each school.

There will be two volleyball teams representing the Study. The first team will be made up of players from Upper Fifth and the Sixth form, and the second team will consist of players from Upper Fourth and Lower Fifth.

Badminton will succeed volleyball, and the Study team will participate with other private schools.

In house basketball, Beta Lambda defeated Kappa Rho by a mere basket, which proved to be enough for Beta Lambda to win the title. Kappa Rho was a close second, and Delta Beta and Mu Gamma placed third and fourth respectively. The house sports race is close, and the winner will not be determined until the end of the year.

One of the more memorable games of the year was the Sixth Form versus the Staff game. With a forty point advantage, the staff maintained their lead and humiliated the Sixth form. The staff's enthusiasm was appreciated and the afternoon was a success.

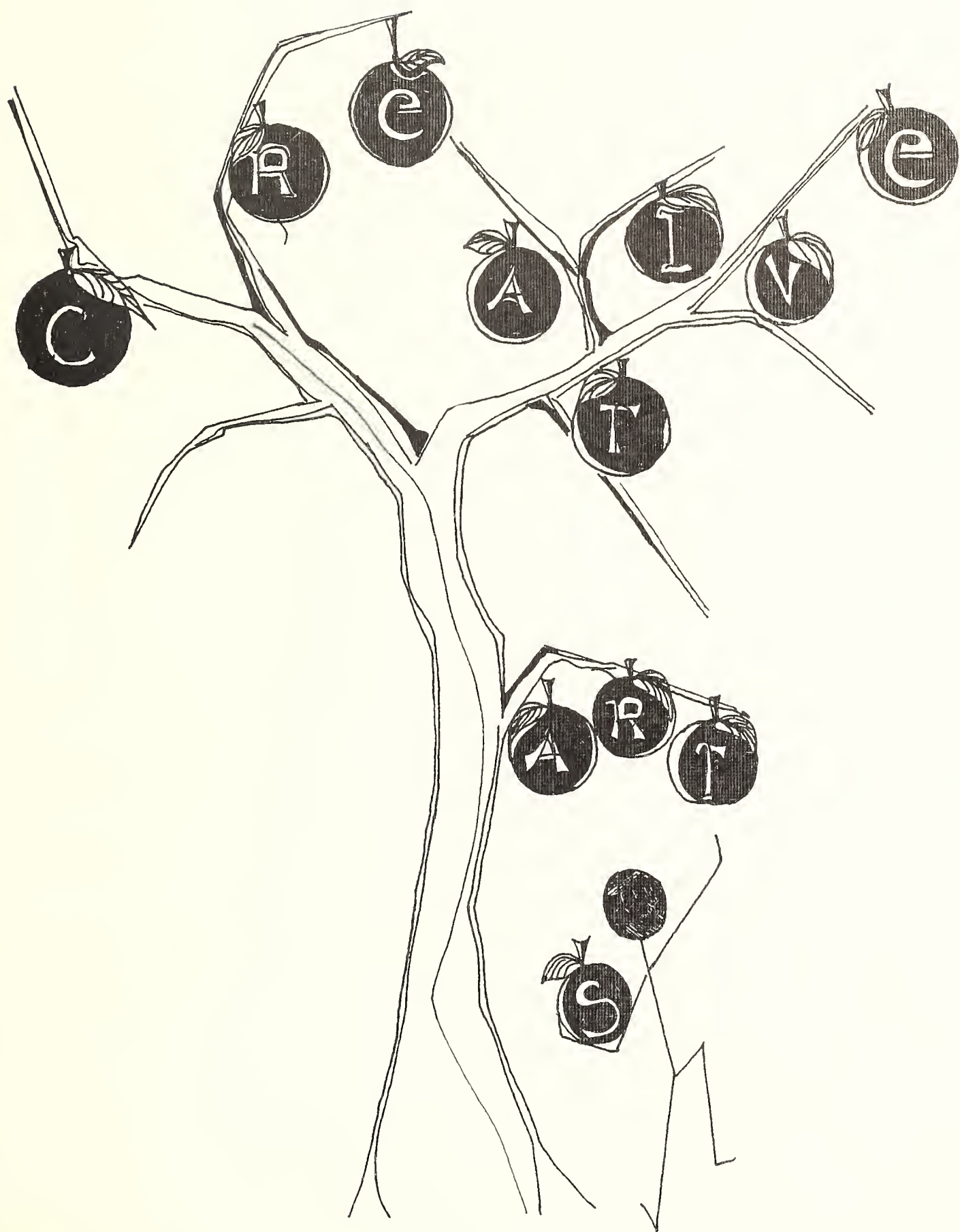
Led by Mrs. Wright, the sports department has had a gratifying year. Her devoted attention and help has been appreciated by all.

Paddy Mackenzie  
Games Captain















When I was first thinking of writing a speech, I found myself in a dilemma, for I could think of nothing that truly interested me enough to write on.

Well, I was meeting a friend for lunch one day and so I asked her to suggest a few topics to me. But instead of bombarding me with a lot of cliché topics she asked me one simple question. She said, “Patsy, what is the most important thing in life to you at this very moment?” Unfortunately at that very moment I could think of nothing, so we talked of other things and after a few hours we parted, and I came back home.

That evening as I lay in bed I thought of the question that had been put to me earlier that day. For about ten minutes I lay there and could think of nothing that really meant anything to me. Then all of a sudden I got up, horrified at myself – horrified at the fact that my home, my family, my friends, the food in my stomach, the clothes on my back, the education that I was so privileged at having, meant absolutely nothing to me.

And then I thought why? And of course the obvious answer that came to my mind was the fact that we usually tend to take things for granted. In other words we’ve never realized how lucky we really are.

But I also thought to myself of how we always tend to look on things, people and circumstances with a negative attitude. We never take the time to look at all these things and find the good points about them.

You can take any everyday example; After all how many of us at seven o’clock in the morning can jump out of bed, race to the window, open the curtains and see a magnificent sun streaming in and say to ourselves, “My God! I’m glad to be alive and today I’m going to school to learn something new.”

Instead what usually happens is that we roll out of bed, and onto the floor, somehow muster up enough energy to crawl to the window and open the curtains, and then become extremely annoyed that the sun would have the sheer audacity to shine in and hurt our eyes, and then say to ourselves, “Ugh! I have to go to school to learn a lot of garbage I don’t really want to learn anyway.”

We don’t know how to live and we don’t realize how privileged we are to be living.

Anyone of you can walk into any hospital and see people with artificial limbs, artificial hearts and artificial lungs and yet here you and I are and there is nothing artificial about us. We can see, smell, hear, feel, touch, taste, laugh, cry, jump, yell, scream. Yet, how many of us use these senses to their fullest advantage. How many of us realize how lucky we are to have them? Unfortunately, very few. As a matter of fact I would be willing to wager that nine out of ten people don’t know how to live.

Now, some of you may be wondering what the point of this speech is. I wish I could tell you. All that I can say, is that on that particular night when I sat up horrified at myself, I wanted to run to the world and say, “Hey! open your eyes, life really isn’t that bad. Sure enough there may be wars, and thousands of millions of people who are starving and perhaps somewhere there is a little boy wandering the cold and dirty streets without shoes on. But that isn’t important. That little boy may be suffering but in the final end what is of importance is that he is alive and able to wander the streets.”



My only hope is that somewhere in the near future each and everyone of you will be able to sit down in your own secluded corner and ask yourselves. "Has my life really been all that bad, and am I as underprivileged and unloved as I think I am?"

And then if you could just repeat this one simple phrase, perhaps your life won't ever seem as meaningless as you might think it: "If there is only one thing in life that is important to me, let it be that I am alive and moreover that I am living the fullest and the most positive life that I know how to".

Patsy Kirkpatrick (Sixth Form)  
Winner of the Public Speaking Competition



I climbed the highest mountains  
I crossed the widest seas  
I ran across the meadows  
All for joy of being free  
Free to go  
Where the wind does blow  
Free to live a life  
Filled with love of fellow man  
And cursed no more with strife  
Free to love and free to live  
Free to take and free to give  
Free to laugh and free to cry  
And free at last in peace to die.

by Elizabeth Amsden



## THE MAGIC CANDY BAR

One day Liz was feeling very hungry as she watched Vic, her little brother, smack his lips up and down the red popsicle. Then she remembered that her allowance was to-day. So she ran upstairs and asked her mother, "Mum, may I have my allowance today?" "All right, but do not spend it all; Vic's birthday is next week." She ran back down with her 60 cents. She ran out the door and closed it. "Oh, I forgot to tell Mum that I am going out," so she ran back in and shouted "Wong Lee," "Yeese Leezee."

"I'm going to the store, can you tell my mother that I'm going out?"

"Yeese madame," she ran out the door and down the street and around the corner and in the drug-store. "Hi Miss Wilkins. How is business?"

"Fine, just fine."

"I would like a caramilk bar, please."

"Ten cents, please."

"Bye."

Liz ran right back home and was going to eat the candy bar when she saw on the back of the wrapper that it said in big letters: TAKE A BITE IN THE NIGHT WHEN THE MOON IS BRIGHT. "I wonder what that means," she said. All through dinner she wondered about it. When Wong Lee said "Timee for bed, comee Vicee and Leezee," the two ran off for bed. It was ten o'clock and Liz was feeling a little bit hungry so she took a bite of her chocolate bar and the big bright moon was out in the dark grey sky. Then suddenly the china cat that sat on the mantle stretched her paws and walked over to Liz and said, "jump on my back and we will go to a land that is called The Cake Land." Liz said, "But I will break you." "Jump on my back," said the cat, so Liz jumped on the back of the cat and off they went. Out of the window they went, dodging past trees and skyscrapers.

When they landed Liz saw that the whole country was made of icing and cake. There was a big boy called John; he was a mean boy so he did a mean trick. He dropped a brick on the china cat and guess what happened? It shattered the china cat into a million pieces and it scared Liz. "Now I can't get home."

Reaching for a hanky, she felt a soft chewy thing; it was her chocolate bar so she pulled it out and took a bite. When she was eating it she wished the cat was her old china friend. Then the cat was herself again.

"I can't thank you enough." "Oh, it's alright, just take me home." She got on the cat's back and off they went. On the way she threw her candy bar away. "I have had enough magic today."

by Diana Bourke  
Upper A

## OUT THE WINDOW

look out the window,  
What do you see?  
What do you see beyond the spruce tree?  
You see a child,  
playing with a ball,  
you see a child, but is that all?  
You see a tear run down his cheek.  
Where is his future?  
Where is his mother, his father  
his family all?  
They bounced away with the poor child's ball.

Willa Black  
Upper Third

## SUNSHINE

The liquid shimmer  
Dripping from the golden sun  
Drops light on the world.

Anne Mactavish  
Sixth Form



Carolyn Everson  
Upper Third

Lisa McRobert  
Upper Third

## THE DIARY OF ROBERT THE RABBIT

Friday: Today I had such a narrow escape. I was in a field of fresh green clover, and who should come along but that pesky fox. He chased me all the way home, and I just made it through the front door. Right now it is raining cats and dogs. Saturday: It is still raining. How tiresome! I was planning to go to that field. Worst of all, we were going on a picnic! Mother had the carrots and lettuce all ready. How dull it is inside! How dismal outside! Sunday: It has stopped raining. We did not go picnicing yesterday, so we are going today instead! The sun is shining, but we have to wear our boots because the ground is still wet. I am going to show my sisters the clover, and then we shall have a feast!

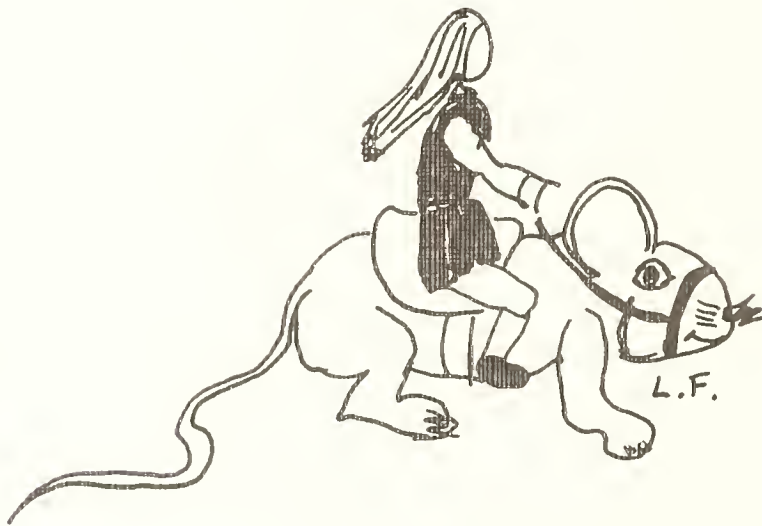
Susan Hood  
Upper A





Julia Turner, Lower Fifth

Julia Creighton, Lower Fifth



### THE ADVENTURE OF A PENNY

One snowing Friday morning. (I think it was seven A.M.), a girl who went to the Study School was walking along the hall looking very tired. She put her hand into her pocket and took out her kleenex. She didn't notice that out fell a penny. It landed in the corner of the hall. Later girls came rushing in by the dozens. One little girl saw it and said quietly, "A penny." She put it in her hand and stuffed it in her pocket. What a mess! There were bits of paper, a coin, smelling orange peels and a pair of scissors. The penny said to the coin, "How long have you been in here?" It did not answer but looked almost dead. The penny knew that at twelve o'clock at nightfall the toys and books, pens and pencils, scissors and clothes would come alive. That night at midnight when the little girl was asleep, all the non-living things came alive. There were pencils climbing out of desks and mumbling rude words to themselves. Scissors were cutting up books and books were turning pages. The chairs were dancing around with the tables. Many coins, pennies and dimes were making their Queen stick out her tongue at the others. When morning came, all toys and games were back on their game shelves as if nothing had ever happened. When the little girl woke she reached into her pocket for the penny. It was there bright as sunshine with all its friends about it. From then on it had a very good life.

Jennifer Mather  
Upper A



Lizbeth Reade, Sixth Form

thinking, thinking  
of a circle forced into a square  
why but why?  
one know it cannot go there.

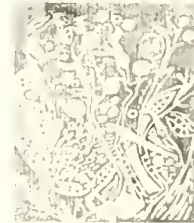
yet the world is ruled by logic  
math--strong, rigid, secure  
and it thinks to shope us humans  
a disease--it has no cure.

as time goes rolling, rolling  
on towards the future light  
square logic grips harder, harder  
yet we hold that it be right.

but we are human beings  
in body soft and round  
our lives are twisted pathways  
yet square logic still be crowned.

yes still it is our ruler  
a logic harsh and spare  
and yet it would be more realistic  
if in the round we forced the square.

Elizabeth Amsden - Sixth Form  
Winner of poetry competition



Wendy Thomas, Upper Fifth

There was an old man of Lidge  
Whose wife fell off a bridge.  
She came out as a midget  
And looking quite frigid.  
That poor wet woman of Lidge.

Wendy Davis  
Upper A



## BRAVE WAS THE MAN WHO FIRST ATE AN OYSTER

Kar-el walked slowly along the beach, the wind tossing his hair gently. The sun shone brightly, sparkling on the foamy waves. It was a beautiful day, but to Kar-el everything was dark and forboding. How could he feed his ever-growing family? Already there were seven hungry stomachs to fill and it was Kar-el's responsibility to take in all orphaned children, so there would be many more on the way. It had not been too difficult before, but now the drought was upon them, there was a limited supply of fresh water and the green leaves and fruit on which they had survived for such a long time were now withered and brown and provided no nourishment. As one by one the brown leaves died and fell off their trees, so the people in Kar-el's community fell to their knees and died of starvation. The remaining people had been forced to kill small animals to survive, a direct violation of their religion, which stated that they remain vegetarians all their lives.

As he walked, Kar-el could remember snatches of a conversation he had overheard years ago. There was something said about a small animal protected by a shell. Once opened, this animal could be eaten. The more he thought about it, the more he realized that this thing called oyster was the answer to all his problems. A civilization was dying, and all he had to do was to find some oysters, distribute them among the people and let them feed on those until they were blessed with rain. It seemed simple enough.

Kar-el started looking along the beach for an oyster. After three gruelling hours in the burning sun, it dawned upon him that perhaps oysters live in water. Finally he found them. He struggled for quite some time, trying to get one loose and at last it came. The next difficulty came in the opening of the shell. It would not open with a mere pull, it did not break when thrown on rocks. When Kar-el dashed it to the ground in a last desperate attempt to open it, the shell cracked slightly but that was all. Kar-el was so furious that he decided to kill the oyster. He drove his knife into the crack and lo! and behold, he found that by wriggling the blade back and forth he could pry the shell open.

And then, it lay before him, in the palm of his hand. This small grey-brown thing could save his people. He looked at it a little harder, he picked it up, and underneath the oyster was a perfectly rounded stone of a creamy white colour.

The stupid thing has opened its mouth too wide and has let a stone creep into its home. Kar-el threw the stone into the water.

He realized that these small creatures could save the lives of his people, their culture, their language, their civilization. All he had to do was eat one of these repulsive looking things and freedom from the darkness of death would be granted. But that first bite is always the one that takes the longest. It takes time to override that fragment of fear and let curiosity carry you on. He took a breath. . .swallowed. . .and it was done. He was still alive. He was not poisoned. Saved. Brave was the man. . . . .

"Oh! oysters, come and walk with me."

Kar-el he did beseech.

"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,  
Along the briny beach.

I cannot do with more than two  
To give a hand to each."

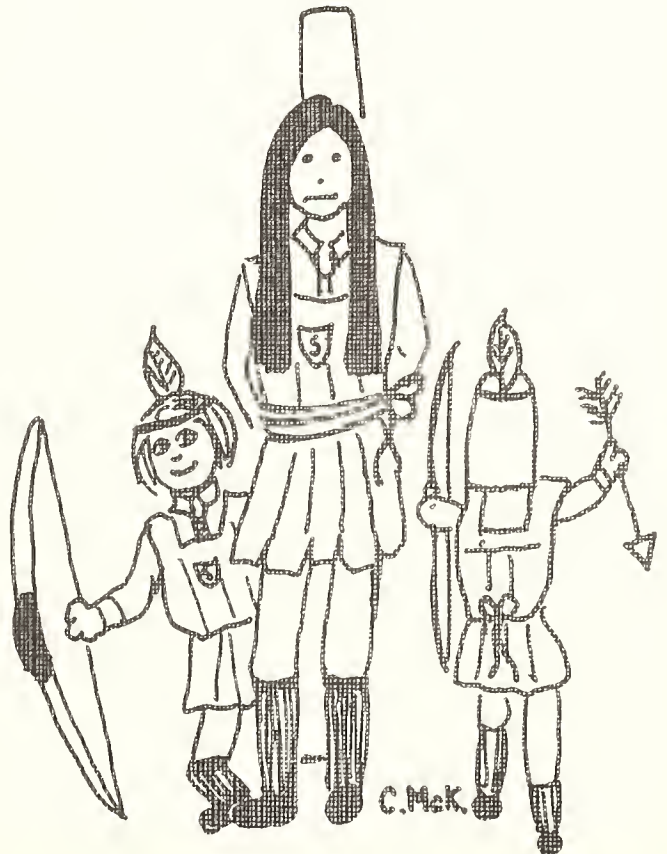
Patsy Porteous  
Lower Fifth

## THE LEAVES

The leaves heard the wind blowing far away,  
This is the message it seemed to say,  
"Put on your cloaks of red and gold.  
Winter is coming and you might get cold!!  
Then down and all around they flew,  
Doing all the funny things they knew.

Susan Lombard  
Upper A

Sarah Hampson, Upper Fourth





## LIVING? or MERELY EXISTING?

Climbing walls. . . .  
to peace and freedom beyond

Smiling at strangers. . . .  
to have a glowing heart.

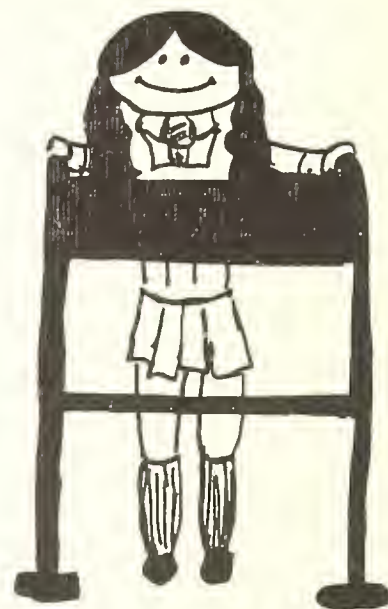
Walking hand in hand  
to feel a sense of belonging. . . .

Crying and being hurt  
to feel sad for a time. . . .

Being sorry and forgiving  
to be happy again. . . .

Laughing and climbing walls  
to peace and freedom beyond. . . .

Doone Patch  
Upper Fifth



J.S.

## NOSTALGIA

A weary traveller, out to seek his fortune, made his way carefully along the stony path. He was young and walked with deliberate steps. On his back there was a sturdy pack-sack almost brimming over with gifts and handmade trinkets from home and he carried an old checkered valise. He wore a handknit pullover sweater and was feeling very hot and uncomfortable as he continued his journey. The sky was unsettled and the autumn wind whipped around him viciously.

Temporarily, his thoughts left the rocks beneath his boots and he remembered his mother waving good-bye to him from the door of their house. They were a happy family . . . His father was rather round and burly and often times the young lad thought him strict, but he was always fair. It was not often that the old man did not wear his favorite brown wool jacket with his red vest and faded white flannel shirt.

The traveller's mother, on the other hand, was tall and thin. She kept herself busy and whenever she found herself idle she looked for odd jobs that needed to be done. This did not occur particularly often, though, because her brood kept her occupied. She went silently about the house watching them with knowing eyes.

The young man's brother and sisters were always good to him and they helped each other with their daily chores and the school work they did. The elder boy had decided to stay home and he now worked hard to help support the family.

Their home was fairly small, but adequate. It resembled a little gingerbread house with its amber shingles and brightly painted window sills. The roof overhung slightly, in fact just enough to allow for the formation of magnificent icicles in the winter months. They always fascinated him because they formed prisms in the sunlight and scattered the bright colours. At the back of the house, by the kitchen door, there was a rotting shed. They used to spend hours at a time playing hide-and-seek there or sliding off the roof in the snow, like otters.

Many an afternoon was consumed working on their precious garden in the warmer weather. They prided themselves on their flowers but they worked hardest on the vegetables and fruits. There was always food enough for everybody, and even a little extra. The children were rarely refused permission to have friends to stay and share a meal with them.

Whenever sad or tired they could go walking in the cool pine forests. Above them the sun's rays chased the green branches as they swayed in the soothing wind. They always had a swim in the lake before their hearty breakfast. The crisp air was invigorating and often times they scampered back to the house, breathless, to tell of their glimpse of a beaver gliding swiftly back to his home.

They hewed wood all through the summer months and stacked the yet fresh logs in a neat pile between two tall and straight beech trees a few yards from the kitchen door. In the winter months the wood went quickly and even though time did not, they did not mind. There were sleigh rides and toboggan runs. The family cleared a section of the lake of snow for a skating rink and sometimes the entire surface of the lake was smooth ice because the wind had blown the snow away. They would open up their jackets, hold them out, and sail across the lake on skates.

After an energetic afternoon they would rush inside, cheeks gleaming a rosy pink, and settle before the fireplace with mugs of hot cocoa to warm their hands on. Their mother rocked on a wicker rocking chair, knitting warm pullover sweaters. Their father told stories of the past. On the mantle piece sat a long piece of birch wood with its white bark still intact. It was decorated with young fir branches that were replaced each week. Their scent filled the air with a cool, sweet, refreshing perfume. On the long bookshelf on the side wall sat many ancient leather bound books. Beside them, there was a small carved box with minute flowers meticulously painted on its sides. Inside it, there were treasured letters from their family and friends. These were saved, read and reread.

It was a happy family who sat down together each meal and thanked the Lord for His goodness towards them.

All this passed through the young traveller's mind as he made his way carefully along the stony path to the antique train station. It was a derelict structure and would surely not last many more years. It had been patched and repatched and the sign upon which the station's name had once boldly appeared, was shrivelled and withered and the letters were no longer visible.

Slowly in the distance he heard the train's whistle coming through the green wilderness. It moved carefully and smoothly but arrived promptly beside the ancient depot. With cautious and undecisive steps he entered the hissing train.

It sped towards the cities and hurled him into civilization.



## UN PAYSAGE HIVERNAL

Un paysage typiquement québécois a quatre visages qui changent continuellement durant l'année. Chacun de ses visages a ses beautés et ses charmes.

En hiver, on voit le contraste du brun des arbres nus contre la couche blanchâtre de la neige. Parfois, l'air est si calme, et si froid qu'on voit son haleine chaud en marchant. La nature dort; les animaux hibernent sous la terre; il n'y a que des glaçons et le gel qui vous tiennent compagnie. Mais le silence froid a une beauté inexplicable qui vous saisit et vous ne vous sentez pas isolé.

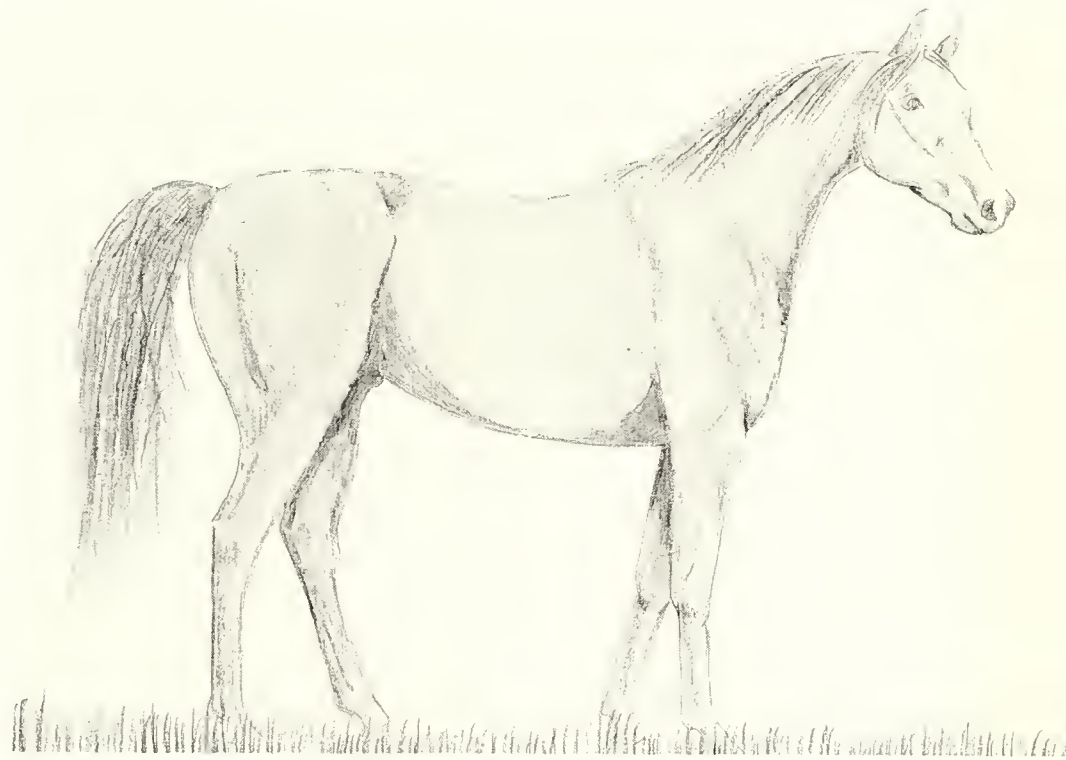
L'hiver prend un aspect tout à fait différent pendant une tempête de neige. Le vent hurle parmi les arbres qui se tendent et tournent furieusement. La neige glisse sur la terre. Le paysage se remue maintenant avec vivacité. Malheureusement, on ne peut pas être là dans le paysage, pour voir sa transformation fantastique pendant une tempête. Le vent siffle autour, la neige obscurcit les yeux et on devient tout glacé et misérable à cause du froid.

En décrivant les deux côtés d'un paysage hivernal j'ai fait une observation assez curieuse. Quand le paysage est tranquille et doux, les gens sont là pour admirer la nature. Le temps devient plus rude et le vent plus féroce et on ne voit plus personne dehors. Au contraire, ils sont fâchés avec le temps. Est-ce qu'on peut pas appliquer cette observation à la vie?

Julia Turner  
Lower Fifth

All of a sudden it's all different  
a new perspective  
fresh new ideas  
an inexhaustible treasure of questions  
out of a child, a scientist is born.

Anne Sutherland  
Lower Fifth



Gillian Stikeman, Upper Fifth



T. G.

## SMOOTH PATH? NOT MATH!

I look back yearly with remorse  
On theorems, problems, and of course  
That tiresome nuisance of a class  
That deals with area, weight, and math.  
The poor discouraged man that tried  
To teach it must have surely cried  
When he had not to teach us more  
When thankfully he'd shut the door.  
No matter how he'd rant and rave,  
Math never did a smooth path pave  
And I would struggle blindly on  
When each equation came along.  
I think I drove him mad at last,  
For he departed very fast  
When classes ended for the term  
And I no longer had to squirm  
Beneath his disapproving glare  
That I found hardly fair.  
So future teachers have a care--  
When trying to teach me math beware!

Diana Wickham  
Upper Fifth



## THE SCIENTIST AND THE POET

In the beginning there was the scientist and the scientist was alone on the earth. Time passed and the scientist acquired the skills that were to be his during the coming aeons. Power of observation, deduction, induction, conclusion . . . all became his. Then he began to use these to learn about the world around him. He found out what made the animals run and the streams flow, what the sky was made of and why a flower dies. Then it came to pass that the scientist discovered the atom. From that day forth he was dissatisfied with his lot. He recognized a power that was greater than his; and though realizing the inherent danger, he would never rest until atomic power was harnessed and put to work. Eventually he reached his objective - slow energy production with no danger of explosion. Unfortunately the by-products of this, developed with no regard for man's safety. . . .

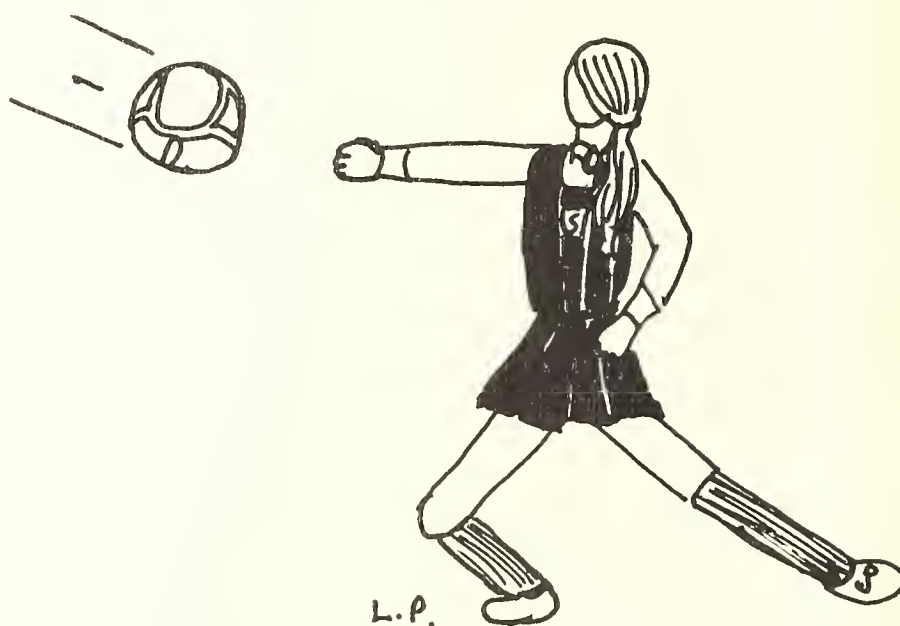
No one knew where the poet had come from. Some said he was the heart and soul of all plants and animals incarnate. Others gave him a deistic origin. He walked the earth, the one among the masses, and was venerated by all for his unique ability to stir their emotions - love, hate, joy. . . They couldn't know that he was leading them and manipulating them. They couldn't know that one's emotions rule one's mind. Through him man waged war, starved themselves, committed genocide. . . On the surface, the poet detested those horrible acts, but a poem, like a lake, is rarely seen. The pillars that hold the music of poetry often weave mystic paths in men's minds, conditioning them against their beliefs, their morals and even their own souls.

Of course it was inevitable that the one who held the most horrible danger for mankind should be used by the one who shaped man's future. The poet aroused competition in man's breast, but competition with a twist. The twist was death. In his time, the poet's importance grew, for war had become a game, impersonal and almost tidy. Men needed him to release their emotions and to boost their morale. The course of events evolved so that one change would create the poet's greatest moment - with the greatest tragedy and the greatest triumph the world had ever known. He turned to the scientist.

But the scientist in his logic had perceived some pattern in the poet's madness and refused him. In desperation the poet decided to meet the scientist fact-to-face. And in the end, the scientist and the poet came together. The explosion that the scientist predicted would occur when matter and anti-matter met came not to pass. Nor did the fierce patriotism aroused in savage breasts as envisioned by the poet, occur. Instead came friendship, and at last, love and peace.

Elizabeth Amsden, Sixth Form  
Senior School Prize  
Alexander Hutchison Essay Competition

Revealing to you  
Past, present, aspirations  
I have no defense.  
Jane Skelton  
Sixth Form



## THE GOOD DAY

The sun is shining, a cloud passes, it darkens; my eyes see only what I think is fit for them.

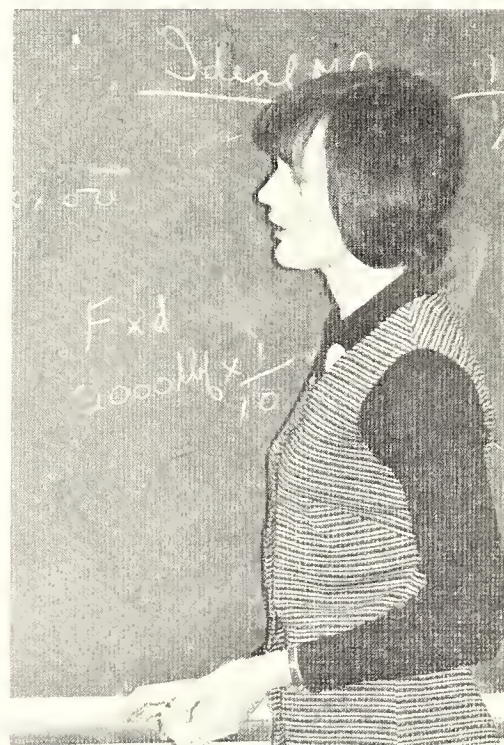
Living in my world is easy, because my eyes face a beautiful calm world with no gruesome realities to look at.

Splash! a pebble is thrown into the brook, by whom, I do not know. A bird sits above me in a tree - a pine tree. I can clearly smell the scent of its fresh cones. I walk further, and now I see a body of water, one familiar to me; I've been here often. Its waters, falling gracefully like birds soaring downwards - then, they are torn apart by the old, jagged rocks which lie beneath. I walk on, and come to a field full of flowers, some pink, some violet, some yellow; they are scattered all about my feet. I run, the wind whispering through my hair, to a fountain filled with wine, where I stop and have a drink to quench my thirst. I hear something, the music of my earth; the rustling of the grass and the chirping of the crickets. I can feel the moon, it must be evening. I must leave my beautiful world - forever.

My life was a peaceful one. I did not wish to experience yours; but you wanted to corrupt my world, so you built up cities in it, you destroyed it, and now, it is no more.

Patricia Carlson, Lower Fourth  
Middle School Prize,  
Alexander Hutchison Essay Competition







## BY A WATERFALL

I am beside a waterfall. I could have gone to many places on a fine day like this, but I came to this waterfall because it is so interesting. When the water splashes on the rocks at the bottom, you can see a very pretty rainbow. When the water tumbles over the edge, you feel like the roaring of a thousand lions is in your head. Nearly every waterfall has a cave between the rock and the water, and this one is no different. But this cave is special. It gives you this snug, closed-in feeling. If you step out of the cave until the water is pounding on your shoulders and head full force, you cannot tell whether the water is hot or cold, but if you step back and let the drops splash you, you can tell it is icy. This waterfall starts up in the mountains as a drop of water dribbling out of a rock. The dribble turns into a stream, the stream grows into a river. It rushes and tumbles all the way down until it reaches the cliff. Then it spills over the edge and crashes on the rocks below. Yes, this waterfall is an extremely interesting place to visit.

Susan Hood, Upper A  
Alexander Hutchison Essay Competition  
Upper A Prize.

The snow falls gently  
The sun sets so silently. . .  
Many birds fly home.

Sidney Fisher  
Upper Third

From winter comes spring. . .  
With blossoms, birds, and bushes,  
All is happy now.

Carolyn Everson  
Upper Third



## THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

When evolution was devising plans for earth, it was given a certain, specific number of pieces to work with. 'N' number of atoms could lose or gain a controlled number of electrons, but matter could not, and cannot be created. From the beginning of earth's existence, no matter has been added.

An individual of the twentieth century might easily be using the old atoms of the first amphibian. A newborn child is technically a re-arrangement of parts.

The communication among creatures is never new. A language is only a re-organization of a limited selection of vibrations. Nor are discoveries or inventions new. Discoveries are novel, but they are only a realization of what has always been. An invention involves putting old things together in a different pattern.

Described thus, the world appears extremely dull, and it is truthful, apparently, to say that there is nothing new under the sun. But surely in an age when poetry has three and four levels of meaning, one is justified in substituting the word unique for new in the sense that there is nothing identical to it.

So it is with the creations of the earth. Though each one in its parts is 'old', the complex unit is unique. No other body is structured in precisely the same manner as another. The scream of a new born baby echoing in the delivery room is a special, truly unique sound. This baby, as he grows, will discover unknown dimensions and will explore diverse trails. His growth is singular to him. His outlook will differ from that of everyone else. It is true that many of his opinions are made up of those of his neighbours, but the conglomeration is a new unit, as a whole it is alone in its category. Every creation is then something new and very special.

In mathematics the number twenty three, i.e. twenty three units, can be expressed as thirty two on the base seven. By using a new make-up, the same parts form a new whole. With n number of bases, unlimited combinations are possible. Each combination is a unique complex.

With a finite number of old elements we can make an infinite number of new, unique relations under the sun.

Jane Skelton (Sixth Form)



## REACHING JUPITER

The five men walked up the ramp and into the elevator. Ten years ago, in about 1972, people might have scoffed at this. Now, with the new president, John Carsdale, things were different. Before, they might have said it was a waste, spending all that time and money on such equipment. But now that Carsdale had pulled out the troops from all the wars, he did have the time and the money to spend. In his opinion, there was no way the poverty problem could be solved, though you have to admit he has accomplished a lot since he took office in 1980.

Now as the men entered the capsule, the people were enthused about the whole idea. After the year and a half of work on the ship, Carsdale could hardly wait until the last second when he would see his spaceship lift off.

The men, Jim O'Connor, the captain of the ship, Clark Savage, assistant captain, Christopher Bellings, Robert Manger and Thomas Curry, the crew. All of them were bachelors.

The year, 1982, at Cape Kennedy. The mission - to reach the surface of Jupiter, the largest planet in our solar system.

Jim O'Connor was an intelligent man and the people trusted him with the powerful machine. Before take-off there was to be no living soul within three miles of the launch pad, the control tower itself was five miles away so that it would not be disturbed by the noise or the fumes.

The men took their places and were strapped down as securely as possible. They were given half an hour so that any person could have time to clear the area. Ten minutes until take-off, a slight problem but no hesitation. Five minutes, the problem is fixed. All clear. Five seconds, four, three, two, one - **BLAST-OFF!**

The fifteen years it would take them went by almost uneventfully. The men ate, drank, slept in shifts and performed various scientific experiments and explorations. They kept in touch with Earth at all times. They had a few disputes and in 1990 there was almost mutiny. This was only to be expected considering the small size of the ship and having to spend fifteen years with the same five men in it.

They were almost there. Being ahead of schedule the capsule was just outside of the gravity pull by 1996. Jim said he could actually see the body.

That's when it happened. In October of '96 the ship came into the pull of the large planet. The ship went out of control for a week or so as if it was falling at a terribly rapid speed. The three crewmen Christopher, Robert, and Thomas panicked. They could not take it and were scared out of their minds. Without notifying the others each one consumed a small pill of cyanide, a poisonous chemical. They were found when it was supposed to be Thomas' shift in the control room.

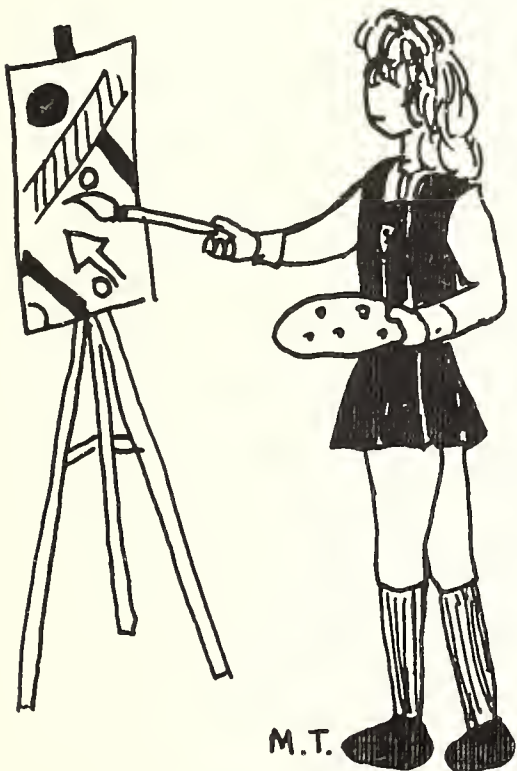
It was very difficult managing the ship with just two men and the problem of gravity was not getting better.

Three weeks passed and the situation only worsened. The ship lost contact with the earth. Jim found the problem and tried substituting a metal bar for a tube. This only helped a little. What they began to receive were just messes of noises and flashing signals that they could not make head or tail of.

Scientifically it was impossible to get back to Earth. Jim and Clark both knew it and felt sorry for Carsdale who had been re-elected.

Upset because their task had not been completed, they also consumed the poisonous pills. Then, as their ebbing lives flashed before their eyes, they realized that this was a **MISSION IMPOSSIBLE!**

Joan Sabler, Lower Fourth  
Second Prize - Middle School  
Alexander Hutchison Essay Competition



Anne Tobias  
Upper Fifth

Trees shook in the wind  
Orange and yellow leaves fell. . .  
Nut gathering time.

Pamela Carter, Upper Third.  
Winner of Haiku Competition.





## BRAVE WAS THE MAN WHO FIRST ATE AN OYSTER

They danced around him and shouted. They scared him. "Eat it, eat it!" they cried. He felt the sand oozing between his toes. He was tired but comfortable. He stared at it. It was all grey and mouldy. "Really quite disgusting", he thought. He didn't want to eat it, but suddenly he knew he would. He waited. He knew that he had to. He understood that he must eat that horrible, disgusting thing - that oyster, or the mob would kill him. He moved toward it. He carefully picked it up. He looked at it closely. He placed it on his tongue. He swallowed it. His friends cheered. "It tastes good!" he exclaimed.

Are you really proud to be the first person to have ever consumed twenty-nine blueberry pies in the space of 7.8 minutes? I know that other people have done it, but you were the first - are you proud? You should be. Man has a competitive spirit.

Mrs. Myra Franklin of Cardiff, Wales saw The Sound of Music more than 900 times! I wonder if she is as proud as you? I mean, is it better to have eaten twenty-nine pies in the space of 7.8 minutes, or to have seen the same film 900 times? I presume that the latter question will bring a large amount of controversy.

On Wednesday, July 16, 1969, they counted 5-4-3-2-1-0, Blast-off! Four days later they were in the Eagle riding a wing of flame, braking down toward the crater-scarred Sea of Tranquillity. He landed. He was scared but he knew that he was supposed to be. He moved toward the door. He carefully opened it. He looked outside. It was dark and cold. He descended the ladder. He touched ground. He walked. The earth cheered. "That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind", he said.

Courage. Glory. Intelligence. Who was the greater man - Neil Armstrong or the fisherman? You will probably answer, "Armstrong, of course!" Right? No, not necessarily. Which act took the greater amount of courage? I don't know and I'm sure you don't. No one does. Because Armstrong amazed the whole of mankind with his history-making feat he is no greater than the fisherman, the simple fisherman who received little glory for his courage.

I went for a walk one day last week. It was cold and I was underdressed so I walked quickly. But suddenly I stopped. I saw an armless man sitting on a nearby bench. I walked over and sat down beside him. We started talking. "No, I don't mind talking about it," he said as though to no one. "People stare at me." I asked him if he minded and he said no that he didn't because he was used to it. I said that it had been nice talking to him and maybe we would talk again sometime. I left.

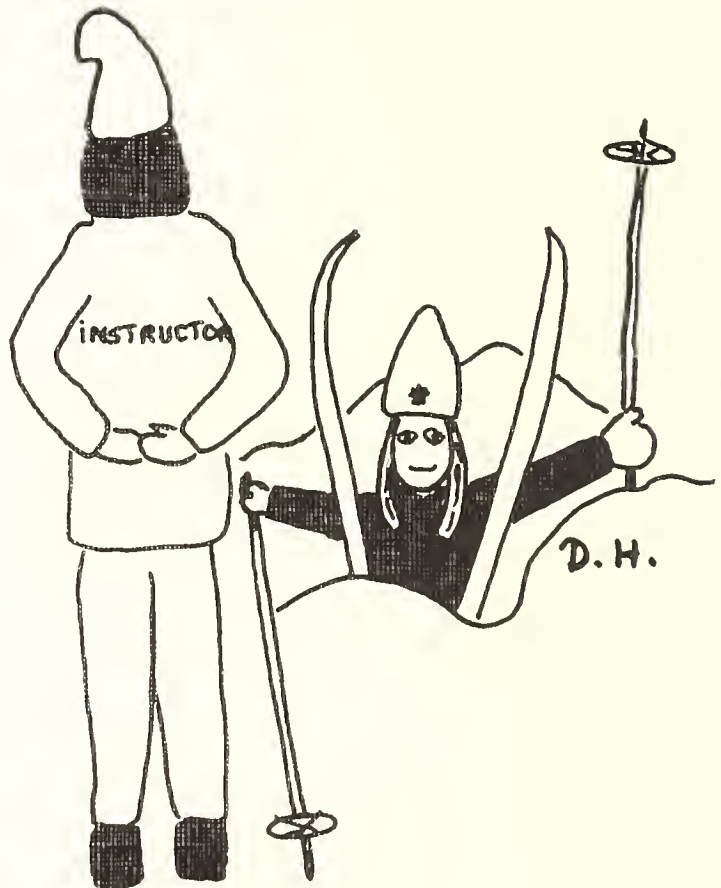
What is it like to be different? No, I mean really different. To be blind, or deaf, or paralysed? But is that really different? No. They might look strange on the surface, but inside they are the same. They understand more.

Individuality. Is that what being different is? Is an exhibitionist different?

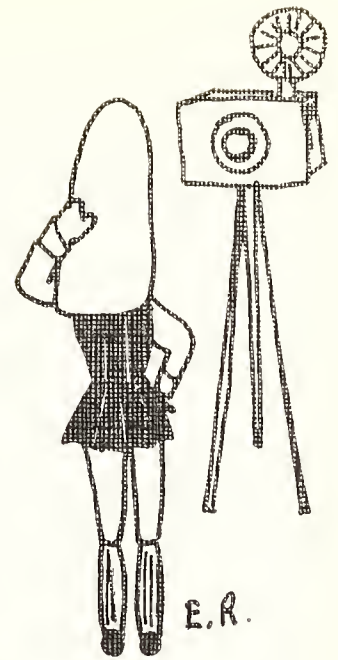
Are you a member of the herd? Do you say what people expect you to say and dress the way people expect you to dress? Do you feel embarrassed talking to armless men on park benches? I don't. Does that make me any better than you? Yes. "People stare at me but I am used to it," he said.

Brave was the man who first ate an oyster?

Julia Creighton  
Lower Fifth  
Second prize - Senior School  
Alexander Hutchison Essay Competition







### THE STORY OF THE SNOWFLAKE THAT WANTED TO BE A SNOWBALL

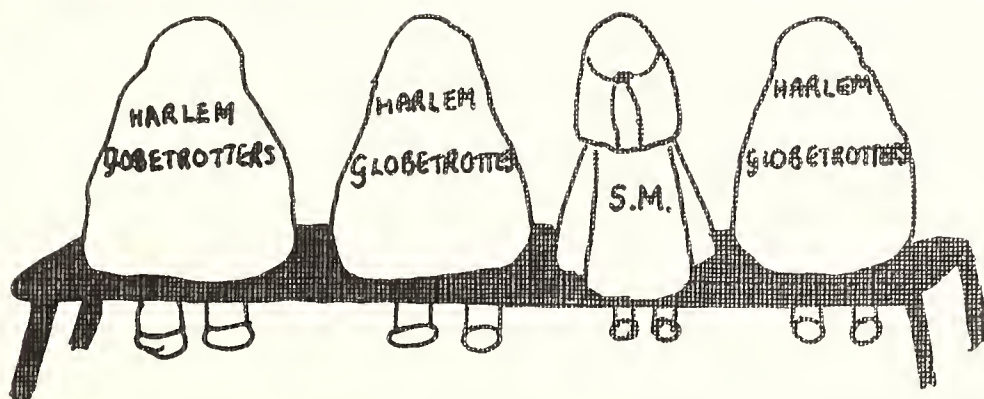
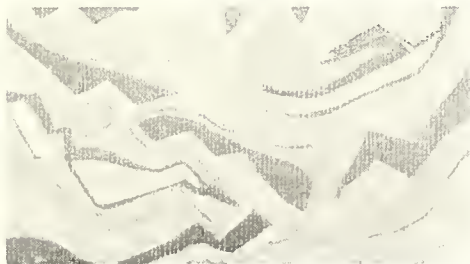
There was once a tiny snowflake eager to be in a snowstorm. He could hardly wait to be made into a snowball.

Finally on Christmas Day it snowed. When the tiny snowflake fluttered down, in every window he saw a tree all decorated with coloured glass balls and popcorn and peanuts strung on thread and wrapped all around the tree.

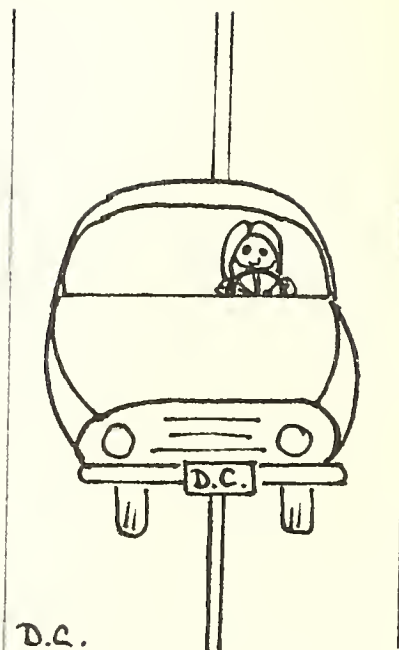
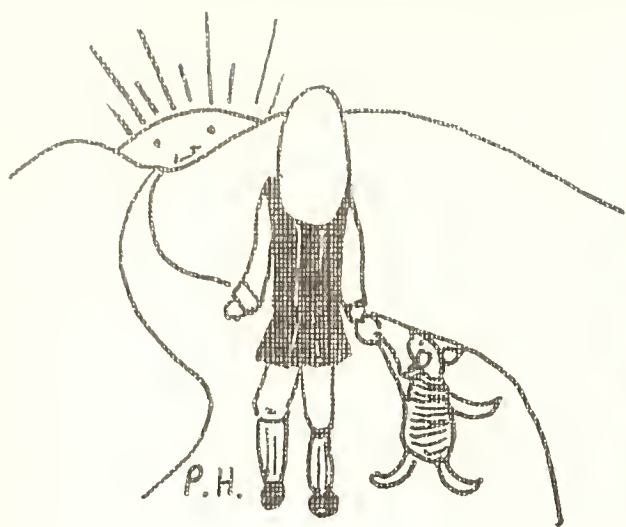
"What's that?" said the tiny snowflake. "It's a Christmas tree you dummy," said his friend. Now the snowflake's feelings were hurt by this and he began to cry.

All of a sudden he was being lifted up by a boy named Tom. He was making snowballs for a snowball fight. The tiny snowflake was very happy at this and did not cry anymore. He had fun being thrown around. Then the sun came out and said, "Now I'll melt all the snow," and he did just that. All of the snowflakes melted and that was the end of the tiny snowflake who wanted to be a snowball.

Hilary Bedford  
Upper A







### THE TYPICAL CANADIAN

I have looked for a typical middle-class Englishman and I have found him. A conservatively dressed man clothed with impeccable taste, with the traditional bowler on his head, a white carnation in his buttonhole and a copy of the "London Times" under his arm. He is frowning icily at an impudent young strumpet who has just spilt tea on his immaculately polished shoes and is, I think, a typical Englishman or what a typical Englishman brings to my mind. (Pip, pip and all that, old chum, what?)

But a typical Canadian?

I have looked for a typical middle-class American and I have found him too. The words "typical American" conjure up, to my mind, pictures of a flashy, loudmouth, sunglasses, Hawaiian-shirt, and Jamaican-short clad man, who tends to be on the paunchy side, is slightly bald and goes travelling around America in his widetrack, fastback, four-on-the-floor Chevrolet with his black-rooted, peroxide blond wife and two "adorable" little brats taking several thousand snapshots of the "little woman and kiddies" standing in front of the Lincoln Memorial or George Washington's cherry tree, saluting the "ol' Stars and Stripes" while singing "Oh Say Can You See" and lighting his cigar with a one hundred dollar bill from a Monopoly game. (Mom's apple pie and the great American dream.)

Is there such a thing as a typical Canadian?

And I have looked for a typical Canadian. . . and I am still looking. Some Englishmen think of us as half-naked savages clothed in loincloths in one of "merrye olde England's" colonies. Some Americans think of us as Eskimos. We ourselves are not quite sure what constitutes a Canadian.

Last year when my mother was applying for a government job, she was required to fill out a form asking her date of birth, if she was married and so on. One of the questions was "What nationality are you?" and my mother answered "Canadian". Several days later a man came to the door asking her to clarify this. He wished to know what type of Canadian she was. Although a Canadian is one who is either naturalized or born in Canada of Canadian parents and even when my mother explained that she and her family had been Canadian for over three generations, the man could not believe that there was such a thing as a "plain" Canadian.

This is the attitude of many other so called Canadians as well. If you ask the typical man in the street what nationality he is he will almost undoubtably answer even if he is a Canadian citizen "I am a Ukranian-Canadian" or I am an Outer-Mogolian Canadian". Do not get me wrong, however, Canada is a very proud country considering that we don't sing our national anthem every day and that we don't go around painting everything in sight with maple leaves and eager beavers and that we haven't adopted "Love thy country as thyself" as our creed, People are proud to be Canadians.

However people are also proud to be part something else. Canada is still very young and very much a mosaic as opposed to melting pot country. She is trying hard to preserve all her different cultures while at the same time she is trying to strengthen the bonds between these cultures and thereby unify the nation.

Hugh MacLennan says, "She (Canada) continues to exist despite determined efforts on the parts of pundits to prove that she has no right to, that she makes no sense economically, politically or scientifically. "Neither does a giraffe - a thought I find comforting". In other words Canada definitely is not logical or in any way typical. The same applies for the inhabitants.

But who wants to be typical anyway? It is the inconsistencies of the world and of Canada that add "the Spice" to our life and now, as never before being different is the "in" thing and we are no longer criticized for being non-conformists. So "typical" nowadays has become a naughty seven letter word "O Canada, glorious and free!"



Living is a thing you do  
now or never-  
which do you?

Walking through the leaves on an old country road hand in hand. . .or crying at weddings or having a smile with dimples. . .

Canvassing exhaustively for your favourite candidate and losing, or buying a pair of absolutely gorgeous shoes which are a little bit too tight and getting home to find them extremely tight. . .

Living is all these things; all jumbled together in a huge and colourful patchwork of small pleasures and disappointments. The seemingly insignificant incidents throughout the day are all tributaries to the wonderfully exciting adventure of living to the holt.

Really living, and I mean really living is relishing every conscious moment and cherishing every individual experience as precious, be it joyous or tearful.

The ability to live is to be happy with small, treasured moments or to appreciate the frequently hidden secrets of nature. The exceptional individual who manages to uncover the silver lining in every cloud has a unique and extremely admirable quality: the enjoyment of even the rough times and trying tribulations which each and every one of us encounter during our lives.

The pessimists one persistently encounters, the naggers, the complainers and the loud talkers are the mere existers. They have no time to notice the intricate beauty of a snowflake, to bake brownies solely for the pure pleasure or to identify bird calls in the spring.

To shine a smile in somebody's eyes the first thing on a bleak, depressing Monday is enough to make one's heart sing out, and, hopefully, smile at another joyless face.

Eating too much or staying up late or crying for no reason. . .

To attain full value from a real vitality one must see the importance of being conscious of now, every minute slipping by with some minute detail of the exquisitely woven and sharp brilliance of the world's fantastic panorama.

To feel the beauty of a brother's mind, to feel it deep down inside one is very fulfilling and enriching. To let bonds of friendship strengthen into love and feel that love burning inside one is a great experience. This is the peak of living, the ultimate achievement possible; to love and to be loved. For to love a man is to love God and to love God is the hatred of evil and the beginning of wisdom.

Thus, living is loving and loving is glorious.

Long winter week-ends on warm summer beaches. . . Falling literally flat on your face in the midst of a crowded room and making the best of it. . . Taking a bus all the way to the end of the line and exploring your destination. . .

Living is all these things and to be happy while doing them.



Doone Patch  
Upper Fifth



Winner of Photography Competition:  
Sandy McDougall, Sixth Form







This is NOT a laughing matter!



One of Mrs. Wright's more enthusiastic basketball teams.



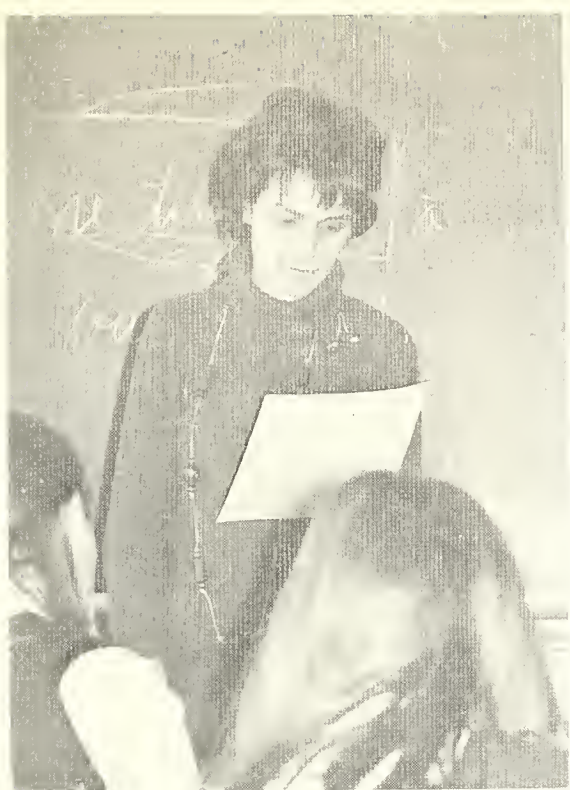
There is nothing up my sleeve, see?



This sure doesn't taste like home apple pie.



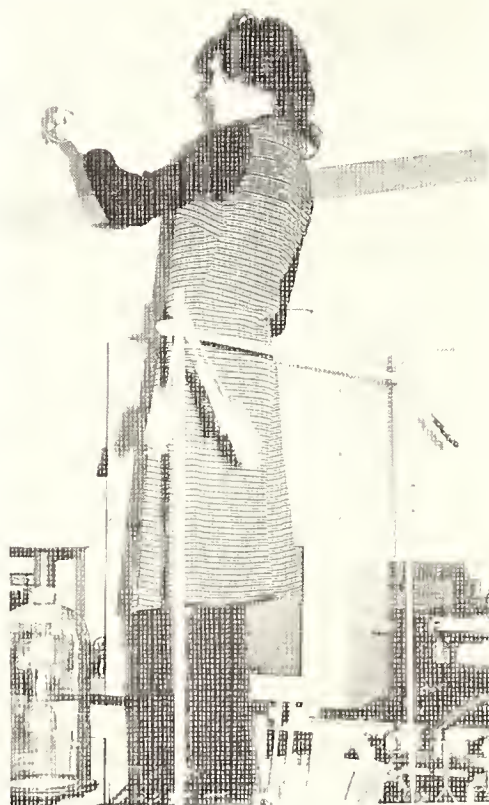




The class rooms are getting smaller and smaller everyday!

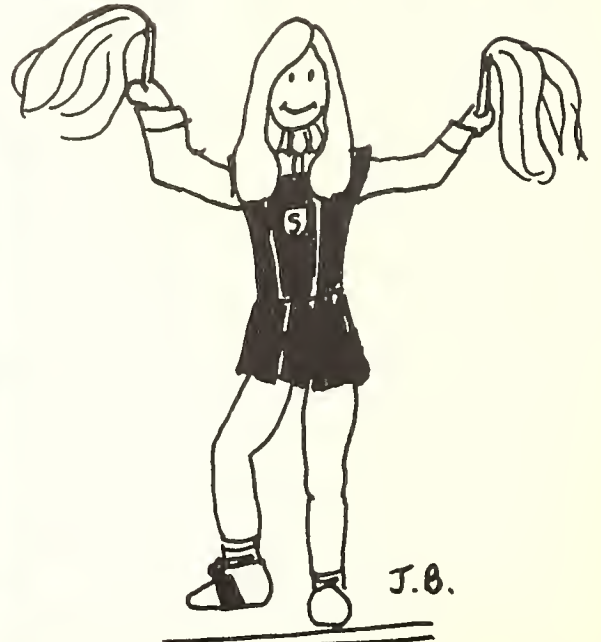
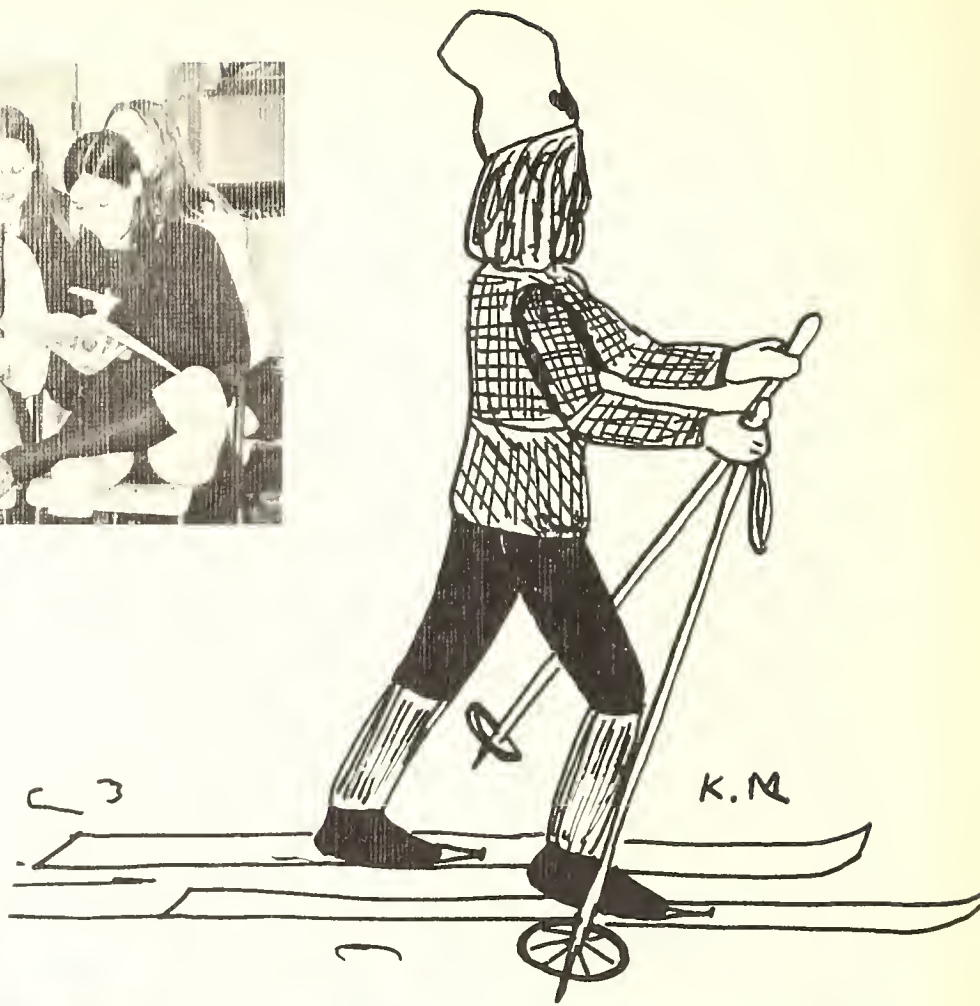


Who said the Study only taught academic subjects?



Off the table, Mable!







## THE STUDY OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

President: Mrs. Ian Coughlan (Mary Newcomb)  
Vice-President: Mrs. Neil Ivory (Joan Fraser)  
Secretary: Mrs. Douglas Bourke (Sheila Ramsay)  
Treasurer: Mrs. S. R. Sabler (Frances Morris)

It would be wonderful to be able to write news of all the Old Girls who are studying and living in different parts of the world, but it is impossible now that the list of Old Girls has grown so long. This has been a busy year for the Old Girls Committee, in the fall the school garden was relandscaped. The flower beds were changed, hedges trimmed and thinned and everything tidied up. In the future they hope to build a creative play area in the Junior School grounds.

The Committee has placed a large plaque naming all the former Head Girls in the front hall of the school. The present committee hopes to have a collection of past records about the Old Girls that will be available to everyone at the school.

Last year, Miss Lamont kindly consented to write a history of the Study. She tells us that her work is progressing slowly. There are no documents on the early history of the school and she has to depend largely on the Old Girls from the earliest days to help her. It has been difficult to find Old Girls from the 1930's and '40's and she would like to find people who have memories of those years to call her or to write her. This spring, Miss Lamont will be travelling to England and there she will be talking to Miss Gasgoine's nephew, who lived with his aunt during the time she taught at the Study.

The school, this year, has been extremely fortunate in receiving a beautiful fiberglass peacock created by artist Gertrude Hermes. This lovely sculpture has been given by Mrs. Howard Gordon (Margaret Black) in memory of her sister-in-law Margaret (Gordon) Barr whose initials gave the name to Mu Gamma. The peacock will be placed to the right of the school steps in attractive surroundings. Mrs. Gordon has given one thousand copies of a song book many of you will remember using, especially Old Girls who were at the school in the 1930's and '40's. The song book is called Chansons of Old French Canada and is available at two dollars a copy.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Thanks to the Generosity of Two Old Girls,

Mrs. D.B.S. MacKenzie (Joan MacKay) and Mrs. D.W.S. MacKenzie (Elizabeth Hodge) - Mothers of two sports captains, Daphne and Paddy respectively - the school is now equipped with a beautiful score board and is most grateful for this latest addition to the Physical Education facilities.





## Births

To Mr. & Mrs. James Clubb (Cathy Peters), a son  
To Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Ilavsky (Janet Gardiner), a daughter  
To Mr. & Mrs. Alastair Sinclair (Daphne Wright), a son  
To Mr. & Mrs. Donald B. Wilkie (Penny Hugman), a daughter  
To Mr. & Mrs. Ron St. Germain (Joel Pootmans), a son  
To Mr. & Mrs. Rene Fitzpatrick (Susan Darling), a daughter  
To Mr. & Mrs. Paul Gratias (Cathy Jarvis), a daughter  
To Mr. & Mrs. Frank Heaps (Heather MacLean), a son  
To Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Rogers (Margaret Wallace), a son  
To Mr. & Mrs. Greville Price (Karen Keator), adopted twin girls  
To Mr. & Mrs. Robert Bianchi (Louise Whitaker), a son  
To Mr. & Mrs. Brian Townsley (Janet Bueb), a daughter  
To Mr. & Mrs. John Waterston (Dorothy McIntosh), a daughter  
To Mr. & Mrs. Chris Baker (Jane MacFarlane), a daughter  
To Mr. & Mrs. Brian Timmins (Diana King), a daughter  
To Mr. & Mrs. Gordon Hall (Susanne Meagher), a daughter  
To Mr. & Mrs. John Slidell (Mary MacFarlane), a son  
To Dr. & Mrs. Winhard Bohme (Wendy Rankin), a daughter  
To Mr. & Mrs. Tom Thompson (Sherrill Christmas), a son  
To Mr. & Mrs. Adrian Sheppard (Sylvia Randall), a daughter  
To Dr. & Mrs. Ronald Brown (Jill Johnson), a daughter

## Marriages

Judy Parish to Mr. Paul Wyatt Dick  
Gail Gentles to Mr. Thomas Charlton Smiley  
Barbara Tennant to Mr. Malcolm Miles Mackay  
Joan Traversy to Mr. Claude Harari  
Eleanor Francis to Mr. Byron Hamilton Hender  
Kathleen Kirkpatrick to Mr. Patrick Rene Chouteau  
Jocelyn Colby to Dr. Jack Michael Lehrer  
Joann Egar to Mr. William Mitchell  
Kathy Kerrigan to Mr. Robert William Baker  
Rosamond Collyer to Mr. J. S. Wandachowicz  
Jane Nelson to Mr. John Edward Forrest  
Gail Lingard to Mr. Kim Aagaard  
Linda Jeffrey to Mr. Darrell Davis  
Susan Cushing to Mr. Frederic Lincoln  
Carol Frueh to Mr. Richard Allison Gourley Jr.  
Sonia Stairs to Mr. David Clemmons  
Sally Baxter to Mr. David Vincent Wiggins  
Roslyn Horwood to Mr. Franklin M. McCarthy  
Vera Stastny to Mr. John David Bullock  
Holly Nelson to Dr. George Habe

## Deaths

Janet (Slaw) Mactavish















